

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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"THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND," AN ECCLESIASTICAL PLAY AT THE CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The comparatively recent theory that the "Iliad" was composed by a syndicate—not by Homer alone, but by "a number of persons bearing the same name"—was at the time of its first appearance considered audacious; but now a student of the bard has gone one better, and ascribed the "Odyssey" to a lady. The grounds of his belief strike one in some ways as reasonable enough, as, for example, the frequent allusions in the poem to dress and furniture, which he thinks only a woman could have written. But some men have a taste for female attire and a turn for "domesticity"—i.e., that habit of meddling in household affairs which is regarded with such contempt by their better halves. To suppose that Shakspeare's plays were written by Bacon, when Shakspeare notoriously got the money for them, shows a complete ignorance of the master passion of "the first of those who knew"; but the notion that Queen Elizabeth wrote them would give rise to still greater astonishment. It is quite conceivable, if a woman did write the "Odyssey," that she should at the first have concealed her sex, but when it was pronounced a success she would certainly have found means to undeceive the public. It has been charitably conjectured that the New Woman novelists, in the beginning, filled their stories with improprieties in order to be taken for men; and that after the secret was revealed (as ladies who take brandy medicinally sometimes become dipsomaniacs) they could not cure themselves of the bad habit. Strangely enough, this now often causes a mistake to be made the other way, since when an improper novel appears anonymously, folks are only too apt to remark, "Well, we don't know who has written it, but it is evidently by a lady." To experts, however, it is pretty easy to detect the sex of a story-teller, though "Adam Bede" and "Jane Eyre" puzzled the best of them. It is generally disclosed by some detail. A great critic once told me how he had discovered that a certain well-known novelist was a woman and unmarried. "Her hero," he said, "fastens his bed-room door with a drop-bolt, which a man never does; and he and his wife resume their conversation over the breakfast-table at the point where they had left off the preceding evening."

Notwithstanding that the sex of our novelists has been frequently concealed of late years, there has been a general falling off in the use of pseudonyms in literature. At present I only know of one popular writer who is known to his friends by another name than that under which he addresses the public. It is understood that at one time he had it under consideration whether he should drop his literary disguise, but decided not to do so, and I think with wisdom. A change of this sort involves a certain loss of impetus; you have to start from the level again; your former prestige goes for nothing. Sometimes a pseudonym has been adopted by a well-known writer—Bulwer and Lever are examples of it—who, having written a novel differing from its predecessors, or perhaps in his opinion an improvement on them, has had the ambition to make a second reputation. In no instance has this proved a success; the novelist had reason to congratulate himself when the secret was presently revealed, and has sometimes been even suspected of having told it himself in order to restore his circulation. The idea probably owed its being to vanity, and, it is whispered, was always delicately opposed by the publisher, who did not share the author's weakness.

The adoption of a *nom de plume* has also ceased to be popular. We no longer see such names as "Golden Pen" and similar sentimental abstractions appended to works of the imagination. They were, it must be admitted, seldom used by writers who were likely to become famous under any title. The discovery that there was no such term as *nom de plume* in the French language, where it was confidently supposed to be, doubtless made it less attractive to the wearer. The French *Notes and Queries* (*L'Intermédiaire*) was referred to and decided the point. "Our term *nom de guerre*," it said, "quite sufficiently applies to the case in point." Even under the most favourable circumstances, it would seem that a literary pseudonym is a mistake, except, indeed, that it spares the blushes of its wearer. His reputation does not, of course, ray round him personally (though very few authors object to that); moreover, the system is open to the objection that it allows him to be personated by impostors. It must be annoying to see the gifted author of something we have written ourselves surrounded with a halo that should be ours, or (what I have known to happen) collecting subscriptions from the public on the ground of our having been ill-treated by our publishers.

The death of Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., takes away from the world one of its rare possessions—a humorous painter. With his works the public are well acquainted, and with one of them exceedingly familiar, for he shares with Mr. Furniss the honour of making even advertisements amusing. It was a hazardous step for an R.A. to take, but it did him no harm, and he has since had many followers in that direction. It is a great pity that advertisers do not pay the same attention to the wording of the announcement of their wares as to its illustration. Mr. Marks's pictures have long been among the most

welcome contributions to the Academy, which, though by no means "a shady place," in its invidious sense, will miss his sunshine. In private life, which does not always happen, he was as amusing as when he took brush in hand. He possessed the almost lost art of singing comic songs which were really humorous, and he himself composed them. He had also at his command, on occasion, a grave touch of satire. I remember meeting him at a house where wealth and decoration were more in evidence than good taste. It was his first appearance there, and the host, on receiving him in the drawing-room, pointed with pride to the flying Cupids round the ceiling. "They are a hundred years old," he said, "and yet, you see, as fresh and bright as on the day they were painted." "Yes," said Marks, with sepulchral gravity, "what a pity!"

A medical authority has been good enough to write me the following note in reference to the one inserted the other day upon the latest "freak"—

In "Our Note Book" of to-day you humorously raise the question as to whether the Dog-faced Man "would be allowed one bite," like a real member of the canine race, and you suggest that "it would be a nice point in law"; and so it would, but it would not be a moot point in medicine. While the men of law were debating the matter it would become the duty of the men of medicine to decide the question for them by saying that the Dog-faced Man is not allowed even one bite. This privilege is forbidden him by the fact that he has not, and never had, any teeth. Examples of dog-faced men are extremely rare in the records of "freaks." In every instance, however, they have lived their lives without teeth. From first to last they have been absolutely, or almost absolutely, toothless, as if the absence of teeth were some compensation for the abundance of hair with which their faces are completely covered. Dogs delight to bark and bite, but dog-faced men should never let their angry passions rise, for they can do neither.

This seems very curious, and still more so if dog-faced men have not even got their "canine" teeth.

If Messrs. Barnum and Bailey imagine that "freaks" are peculiar to modern times, or in any way owing to their enterprise, they are mistaken. Buchanan tells us of one single gentleman rolled into two, as far as his head and the upper portion of his frame were concerned. "These two would sometimes differ in opinion, and quarrel. They lived twenty-eight years, but one died a little before the other" (let us hope not long). "They could speak divers languages, and by the King's command were taught music." Lazarus Colorado, the Genoese, had a little brother growing out of his breast, of whose health (and no wonder) he was extremely solicitous. He always wore a cloak, but when it was not buttoned, was "a source of constant admiration to all beholders." A lady "of good quality at Elsingham" was so unfortunate as to illustrate the proverb about the mountain and the mouse by producing a dormouse. The little stranger, "to the amazement of the women who were present, with marvellous celerity at once sought out and found a hole in the chamber, into which it crept, and was never seen again"—a very judicious and considerate thing to do. Another lady, A.D. 1639, in Norway, laid an egg. "I am not ignorant," says the medical authority for this incident, "that many who have not seen the egg, or were not present on the occasion, will not credit the fact, and accordingly cite the testimonies of the following religious and respectable persons": the pastor of the parish, his three daughters, and so on. The egg was sent to "that excellent person Dr. Orlaus Wormius," the ornament of the University, "who was of opinion that it was an artifice of the devil." The champion freak of ancient times must be ascribed to Poland, where, in Cracovia, there was "born, of noble parents, a child terrible to behold, with flaming and shining eyes, and the mouth and nostrils of an ox; also long horns; in its breasts were the faces of asses; cat's eyes were fastened to the hypogastrium; heads of dogs were upon both elbows and at the whirl-bones of each knee; it was splay-footed, splay-handed, had swan's feet and a tail crooked backwards about half an ell long. Near to death it spoke its first words very solemnly: 'Watch, for the end comes!'" This, says Lycosthenes' "De Prodigis," was in 1483, and has certainly never been surpassed. It might have had a show at Olympia all to itself.

We are promised a book composed of the opinions of writers of fiction upon the works of their rivals and contemporaries. It will be exciting reading to some of them, no doubt, but, on the whole, by no means depreciatory. There is a general notion that popular authors are jealous of one another: I can only say—and my acquaintance with them is probably as large as anyone's—that is not my experience. If one of them thought small beer of another, silence would surely be ensured by good taste. *Noblesse oblige*; it is not the authors, but the friends of the authors—the clique who worship him not wisely but too well—who belittle others. Among the highest class there is generally a keen appreciation of their fellow-labourers, and they are not grudging of their praise. Lower down the ladder of fame there may be detraction, but Success, as a rule, does not mate with Envy. Novelists are by no means always qualified to speak of other novelists, for, strange as it may seem (and to me does seem), they are often ill acquainted with contemporary fiction. On the other hand, the most omnivorous novel-reader I ever knew, and almost the least fastidious, was Wilkie Collins. On one occasion I expressed my astonishment at finding him reading a dull story with evident interest. "My dear

fellow," he said, paraphrasing a famous dictum on port wine, "some novels are better than others, but there is no such thing as a bad novel."

The local option difficulty has, it appears, been solved in Japan, and in the most satisfactory manner. Everybody pleases himself, and yet the revenue does not suffer. It is the opium, not the liquor question, that has been settled, but the principle is the same in both cases. Each man decides for himself whether he will be a first, second, or third-class opium-smoker: if second or third he may only smoke the quantity indicated on his ticket, but a first-class subscription of three dollars a year entitles him to opium *à discrétion*, a term which (as when applied to our years) means indiscretion. Thus, while liberty is purchased by the individual, license is conferred (for a consideration) by the State, a system not only convenient and productive, but with a tinge of the religious principle involved in the mediæval practice of Indulgences. In adapting the plan to our own needs, as regards the consumption of liquor, we must take care that mere wealth does not carry the day, but (as in the death duties) be far more heavily taxed than poverty. The description of liquor must be indicated on the ticket, and the joys of getting exhilarated on champagne be purchased at a much higher rate than those of getting fuddled on beer. What the teetotalers call a "mealier" (one who takes alcohol only with his repasts) must, again, be lightly dealt with: he might, perhaps, pay the same as for the dog-tax; while he who indulges in sherry and bitters before dinner, or in nips at all times, should be assessed much more highly. As for the habitual drunkard, the price of his ticket should, in proportion to his means and tastes, be almost prohibitive. The ticket would, of course, be exhibited on every holder, like a cabman's badge or a diplomatist's decoration, and the publican, before supplying an applicant, must examine it, so as to see whether the applicant was entitled to what he asked for. When we consider that these simple and convenient arrangements will produce an enormous revenue, it is not likely that a Chancellor of the Exchequer will hesitate to take a wrinkle from Japan.

A clergyman in the Eastern counties has issued a request to his people not to throw rice at weddings. His objection is a purely ecclesiastical one. He "appeals to the feelings of all future brides and bridegrooms" on the ground that the practice means a great deal of extra cleaning up from the church and churchyard. "If you must shower something symbolic of blessings on their heads," he says, "let it be outside." If, when a bridegroom himself, he had had rice thrown in his eyes he would have taken a more serious view of the matter. I have known the best part—that is the first part—of a honeymoon passed with an oculist instead of the bride in consequence of this custom. If the rice must be thrown, let it be boiled first. The superstition that it ensures fertility is probably derived from the over-population of China and India, where rice is the chief food, but science does not corroborate this idea.

However peaceful may be our sentiments as a nation, our novelists are all for fighting, though not, we are glad to say, among themselves: hardly has the reader recovered from the excitement of "By Stroke of Sword," when "By Right of Sword" is presented to him. In the latter case the action is by no means confined to one weapon; we have the sword, the pistol, and the bomb. It is a Russian story, though with an English hero, and therefore permits the addition of Nihilism and assassination. Yet though, it must be confessed, overcrowded with dramatic incident, the novel has not only literary merits, but that much rarer attribute, originality. We have had many tales founded on the likeness of individuals to one another, but in this case there is a novelty. Hamylton Tregethner is induced by the beautiful sister of a thorough scoundrel to impersonate him, and, of course, take all his sins upon his shoulders. He himself is brave to recklessness and an accomplished swordsman; and the change that comes over his brother officers when, instead of having a coward and a butt to deal with, they find a fire-eater, is capitally described. His double, Alexis, has unfortunately, however, involved himself in intrigues with the fair sex, and he finds these ladies—who cannot imagine why he has become so unsympathetic—much more difficult to deal with. He cannot repay their attentions, because he is head over ears in love with Olga, the sister of Alexis; and the danger of scorning woman's charms is proverbial. Moreover, Alexis, who by his help has fled the country, was a Nihilist; and our poor fellow-countryman finds himself under obligations of the most serious character. There would have been an immense opportunity for humour in this situation; but of this the author has not availed himself. Perhaps he thought that, as fainting stops hemorrhage, it would interfere with the curdling of the reader's blood. However, we do very well without it, and are hurried from one crisis to another in a most meritorious manner. On one side our hero is threatened with all the terrors of the Russian Government, on another with all the poniards of the Nihilists, and on a third by the jealousy of the ladies, who cannot imagine why Alexis has suddenly become so fond of his sister. In a word, no one can call the novel a dull one; and though certainly not "a domestic story," there is nothing in it, though it introduces us to queer company, to bring a blush to the cheek even of a reviewer.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## AN ECCLESIASTICAL PLAY.

The performance at the Church House, Westminster, by Churchmen, clerical and lay, of a play founded by a latter-day clergyman on ancient ecclesiastical chronicles, has for the student of the evolution of the English drama an historical interest second only to that discerned in such an event by a good many modern Churchmen. For the early mystery plays, from which the national drama was developed, through the intervening miracle-plays, were, it must be remembered, originally performed by the clergy under ecclesiastical patronage, in many cases under the very shadow of the walls of their churches. The play, written by the Rev. Henry Cresswell, which was performed under these conditions, was originally produced twelve years ago in Vauxhall. Last November it was reproduced at Canterbury, in connection with the recent celebration of the thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Augustine on English soil. The play consists of ten scenes representing incidents for the most part chronicled by the Venerable Bede. Pope Gregory's interest in the "non Angli sed Angeli" slaves in the Roman marketplace opens the drama, and then the scene changes to Britain, where Queen Bertha is shown striving to make way against heathen superstition. St. Augustine's despatch to England by Pope Gregory is then illustrated. The baptism of King Ethelbert by Augustine, and the enthronement of Augustine as Archbishop of England, are illustrated in two particularly striking tableaux, and the play closes with the compact between the Augustinian and British monks, after the death of the saint himself, for the Christianising of the country. The four performances given during the past week at the Westminster Church House were followed with close interest by large audiences.

## THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

General Sir Bindon Blood's campaign in the highlands between the Swat Valley and the Indus, to the north of the Punjab frontier, seems likely to effect, with very little fighting, the speedy submission of the Bonerwals, and all the other mountaineer tribes, of whom the most hostile were those of the Chamla Valley, stirred up by "the Mad Mullah," a notable fanatic Moslem prophet, at a village named Rega, whence he has now been expelled. General Jeffreys' Brigade has reached and occupied the Umbeyla Pass, the scene of warfare in 1863, whence he has descended into the Chamla Valley on Monday, and has been followed by General Meiklejohn's Brigade. The tribes send their "jirgahs," or deputations, with offers of surrendering guns and paying fines in money. At the headquarters of the main army in Tirah, General Sir Power Palmer is now in chief command, as Sir William Lockhart, being in ill-health, returns to England on leave of absence. He is already, since the retirement of Sir George White, Commander-in-Chief of the whole army in India; but Lieutenant-General Nairne, during the absence of Sir William Lockhart, will perform the functions of that high office.

## THE LATE MR. C. P. VILLIERS, M.P.

The House of Commons has lost its father. Mr. Charles Pelham Villiers, who was born in 1802, and has represented Wolverhampton since 1835, passed away on Sunday evening, at his house in Cadogan Place. A Parliamentary career which is thus older than the Queen's reign has closed at last. It seems ancient history now, the part Mr. Villiers took in the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Disraeli—whose maiden speech Villiers heard—called him "the stormy petrel of Protection"; also said of him that in "circumstances of infinite difficulty, the cause of total and immediate repeal was first solely upheld by the terse eloquence and vivid perception of Charles Villiers." From a very different source came an answering testimony: "I know him well," Cobden wrote of him to Lord John Russell, "have watched and probed him for eight years, and am ready to swear by him as a true man. I love and venerate him more than he is aware of. I have felt for him what I could not express, because my esteem has grown out of his noble self-denials under trials to which I could not allude without touching a too secret chord." Mr. Cobden goes on to confess that he had trodden on the heels of Mr. Villiers, who had never kicked out; and that he got, as the member for Wolverhampton "never had as he deserved," the ear of the House and the Press. "There was no rivalry, no jealousy, no repining. He was willing to stand aside and cheer me on to the winning goal; his conduct was not merely noble, it was godlike." A eulogy couched in such terms remains in mind; and in the half-century that has elapsed since Cobden wrote, Mr. Villiers, as a Liberal, and finally as a Unionist member of Parliament, has had a career untarnished by any self-seeking, and has left behind him a memory to which men of all parties pay a willing homage.

A grandson of the Earl of Clarendon on his father's side, and of Lord Boringdon on his mother's, he went to Haileybury, where Malthus and Sir James Mackintosh were among his instructors, in preparation for an Indian career. But before the College course was over he was adjudged too delicate for service in the East! An early death was predicted for him; so he went to Cambridge and entered for the law. He was soon Secretary to the Master of the Rolls, and an Examiner of the Court of Chancery. After an unsuccessful attempt to enter Parliament for

Hull, he took his seat for the first time in 1835 for Wolverhampton as an opponent of the Corn Laws—and that, in those days, was regarded as the rôle of a madman. In 1837 he boldly declared against them, and Wolverhampton went with him then, as it has gone with him ever since, even when he lifted up his voice against Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule. Together with Roebuck, Grote, Joseph Hume, William Ewart, and Colonel Thompson, he was one of the group of "forward" men who composed what was known as the Radical Reform party. Sometimes he had to speak against a volley of deliberate coughing. But he had his encouragements, and the adhesion, in due course, of Cobden, and then of Bright, whom Cobden presented to him at Manchester, and whom he went to Rochdale to hear before approving of him, added to his courage, even though it deposed him from his first place as a Repealer in public reputation. Famine, no less than these politicians, was an ally of Mr. Villiers. The battle of cheap bread and Free Trade was won, and Mr. Villiers was like a general put upon half-pay who has been the hero of a brilliantly fought campaign and a conclusive victory.

Nevertheless, the rewards of office were his in a moderate way. He was Judge Advocate-General in Lord Aberdeen's Coalition Ministry; and as President of the Poor Law Board in Lord Palmerston's Government he did excellent service as a Reformer, besides having a seat in the Cabinet. But he quitted office in 1866, and may be said to have lived politically on his antecedents. He was regarded by Wolverhampton as its "life-member," and his

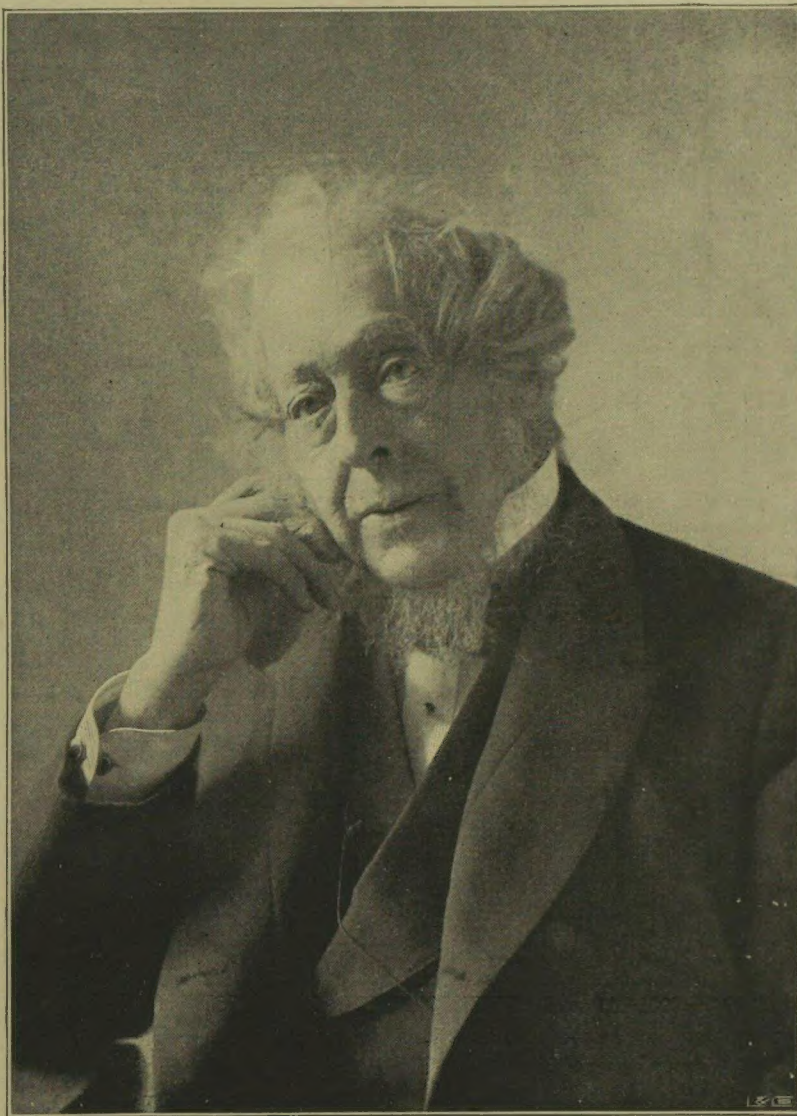


Photo Suggenheim and Whitlock, Wolverhampton.

THE LATE MR. C. P. VILLIERS, M.P., "FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

statue was long ago erected in the town. It has been said that he hated to pose as a celebrity, and that less was written of him than of any other man of equal eminence and of a career so long.

## THE YOUNG HELPERS' LEAGUE.

The Young Helpers' League, which now numbers 17,402 children "from happy homes" in different parts of the world, banded together to aid their less fortunate fellow children, gave its annual entertainment at the Albert Hall last Saturday afternoon. The children from Dr. Barnardo's Homes, with which the workings of the League are primarily concerned, went through a varied programme of games and exercises, including the enactment in dumb-show of a series of nursery rhymes. The number of purses subsequently received by the Duchess of Somerset from the assembled visitors sufficiently proved the value of such an entertainment as a bond of union between the members of the League and those whom it seeks to benefit.

## THE QUEEN'S GIFTS TO THE PUBLIC.

With the graceful thought for her people which characterises all her royal bounty, the Queen has this New Year presented to her loyal subjects, the public, two gifts which will be highly valued not only by the present generation of Londoners and sightseers generally, but by their children and their children's children. The State Rooms of Kensington Palace, which have been closed for many a long year, are, by her Majesty's command, to be restored and thrown open to the public, together with the banqueting-room built by Sir Christopher Wren; and for the benefit not of Kensington or even London only, but of that Greater London which may be said to include the pleasant riverside

resort of Kew, the old palace at Kew, the chosen residence of George III., is to be reopened as a show-place, together with the quaint little tea-house of Queen Charlotte and its adjoining grounds upon the confines of Kew Gardens. Kensington's homely red-brick Palace is endeared to countless numbers of the Queen's subjects, primarily as her Majesty's birthplace. For the Queen herself it must have many happy memories of a childhood far removed from the pomps and cares of Queenship. Kensington Palace became a royal residence in 1690, when William III. bought it from Lord Nottingham. William spent £30,000 on the purchase of the place, but he set Wren to add a storey to it, so that while the house seemed somewhat patched, Evelyn considered it a "very sweet villa."

Queen Anne began that long series of additions which give the house its heterogeneous appearance. George I. added the cupola-room and the famous great staircase. George II. built the west wing as a nursery, and died there in 1760; the Duke of Sussex, the son of George III., lived and died in the Palace, where he collected his splendid library. Many deaths had occurred in the Palace, but never a birth until that of the Queen. In the north-west corner of the structure there is a room with three windows overlooking the Gardens towards the Round Pond. There is nothing notable about the apartment save a brass plate which bears the legend—"IN THIS ROOM QUEEN VICTORIA WAS BORN, MAY 24, 1819."

Kew Palace, to the north of the Botanical Gardens, which is now to be made the setting for an extension of the Kew Gardens Museum, dates from the time of Charles I., when it belonged to the descendants of Sir Hugh Portman, a merchant knighted by Elizabeth. It was leased by Queen Caroline, wife of the second George, and subsequently bought by Queen Charlotte, who built the neighbouring tea-house, still known as "the Queen's Cottage," and now, with its Hogarth engravings and its old-world china, to be thrown open to Kew's innumerable visitors.

## THE FIRST MEET.

(See Supplement.)

"The First Meet" has this season proved the first of many, for the skating enthusiast's loss is proverbially the hunting man's gain, and no frost of any endurance has so far this winter raised the former's spirits at the expense of the latter's temper. Time, which adjusts all grievances, may still eclipse the gaiety of the Shires and make a happy hunting-ground of the Fens instead, for we are not through the winter yet.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

The latest volume, and the last but one, of the "Edinburgh Stevenson" contains two fragments never before published—"The Young Chevalier" and "Heathercot." There are interesting notes by Mr. Colvin to these and the other contents of the volume, and there is a letter from Stevenson to Mr. J. M. Barrie, in which the elder novelist tells the younger that "The Little Minister" is "frightfully unconscientious," and that the story ought to have ended badly. "We all know it *did*, and we are infinitely grateful to you for the grace and feeling with which you have lied about it."

The Academy has awarded its prizes in an exemplary manner—one hundred guineas to Mr. Stephen Phillips, the author of "Christ in Hades" and a descendant of Wordsworth; and fifty guineas to Mr. Henley for his essay on Burns. I would rather have given the money to Mr. Henley for his notes on Byron. The proprietor of the Academy is Mr. John Morgan Richards, the father of "John Oliver Hobbes."

A critic or criticaster in *Literature* resents the conjunction of the names of Lord Tennyson and George Eliot as "men of letters." That is, of course, nonsense. There are many examples of the usage in literature and history, the most noteworthy, perhaps, being the rallying cry of the Hungarians: "We will die for our King, Maria Theresa!"

A contemporary is exercised as to who the Macchiaian Mohr may be in Mr. Lang's suggested Academy of Letters. And yet I am sure that the Duke of Argyll believes that all the world knows of his literary achievements.

The author of "The Life of the Prince of Wales," just published by Mr. Grant Richards, is Miss Marie Belloc, a well-known London journalist, whose mother, Madame Belloc, not long since wrote an interesting volume of reminiscences.

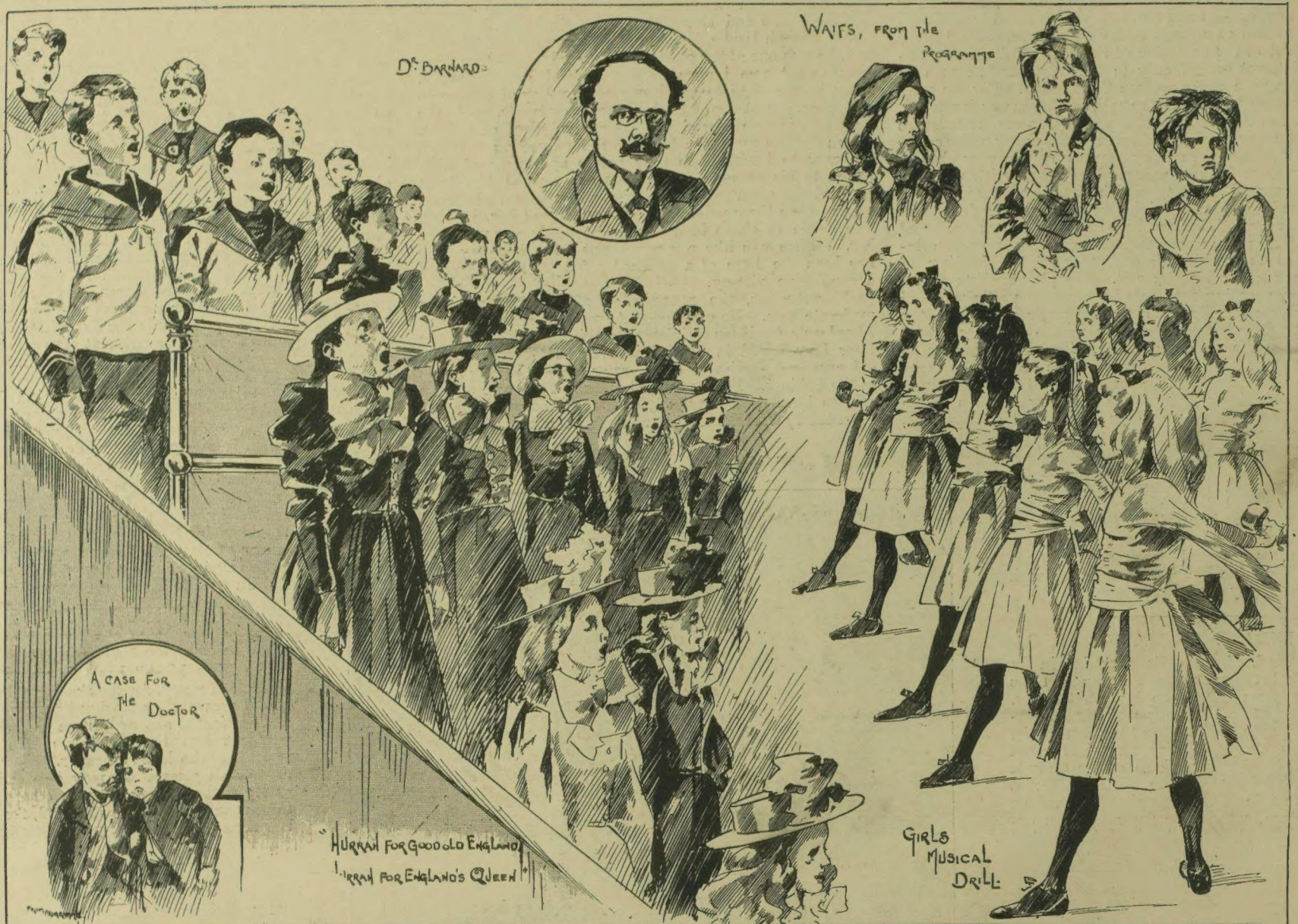
Mr. Sidney Low, late of the *St. James's Gazette*, sails next week for the United States. It is Mr. Low's first visit to the country which teaches every British journalist much.

Mrs. Kernahan, whose husband has won so much distinction in many branches of literature, is shortly to publish a new novel, entitled "Trewinnott of Guy's," based upon her experiences in connection with hospital work. The book will be the first publication of a new firm, that of Mr. John Long.

A movement is on foot to purchase the vicarage at Haworth, where Charlotte and Emily Brontë spent the greater part of their lives, and where they died. The present incumbent, who succeeded Mr. Brontë, and has been there ever since, is about to leave, and it is thought that his successor may be satisfied with a new home at another spot, if the money can be raised to purchase the old one for a Brontë museum.

C. K. S.









THE STATUE OF QUEEN BOADICEA TO BE PLACED ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

The late Mr. Thomas Thornycroft's fine equestrian group "Boadicea," which is to form the latest addition to London's statuary, has now been cast by Messrs. John Singer and Sons, at Frome, and will probably be erected at the angle formed by Westminster Bridge and the Embankment. A pedestal and plaster cast have been tentatively placed at that spot, and if the effect is considered satisfactory by the London County Council this handsome statue-group will find its permanent resting-place thereon.



INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—WITH WESTMACOTT'S BRIGADE IN TIRAH: THE 3RD GURKHAS STARTING AT 4 A.M. TO TAKE A HILL NORTH-EAST OF THE CAMP AT BAGH.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley, Gurkha Rifles.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, was visited on Friday by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her children, is there accompanying the Queen. Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, visited her Majesty last week, and the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen. The Queen and royal family, on Thursday last, attended the memorial service on the anniversary of the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, at Whippingham Church.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have been visiting the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall, Chester.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Cadogan, with Lady Cadogan, have this week been staying on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, at Mountstewart, in County Down.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour spoke on Jan. 12 at a Conservative Club meeting at Blackpool; while the Earl of Kimberley addressed a Liberal meeting at Wyndham, in Norfolk. Pembrokeshire, South-East Durham, and the Cricklade Division of Wiltshire are busy with elections. By the death of Mr. C. P. Villiers there is a vacant seat for Wolverhampton. Sir Samuel Scott is canvassing in Marylebone.

The approaching termination of the dispute between employers and workmen in the engineering trades was signalled on Friday by a proposal in the London district to withdraw the demand for a limitation of hours of labour to forty-eight weekly; and the Joint Trades Union Committee on Saturday passed a resolution, with the assent of the executive councils of the various societies represented by that committee, to withdraw that demand. This resolution was formally approved on Monday by the Executive Council of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. There still remain the stipulations for employers' uncontrolled management of workshops, insisted upon by the Employers' Federation at the London conference.

A verdict of very serious importance was found on Jan. 12 by the City Coroner's jury which has inquired concerning the great fire among the fancy clothing and other warehouses in the neighbourhood of Jewin Street, and Redcross Street, Cripplegate, on Nov. 19. The fire took place about noonday, breaking out on the first floor of No. 15, Well Street, premises occupied by Messrs. Waller and Brown. The jury are of opinion that it was wilfully caused by some person or persons unknown. There were sufficient steam fire-engines to check the spread of the fire, and the water supply was sufficient, but the steam-engines had not sufficient coal for their working. Some improvements are recommended in the methods and appliances of the London Fire Brigade, not finding any fault with its officers and men.

The trial, in the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Justice Channell, of the man, Richard Archer Prince, who stabbed and killed Mr. William Terriss, the actor, on Dec. 16, at the door of the Adelphi Theatre, took place on Thursday, Jan. 13. He was found to be insane, upon the evidence of several eminent physicians and specialists in lunacy, and upon the facts related by his mother, a simple Scotchwoman, and otherwise proved, concerning mental disease in his family, whose name is not "Prince," but Archer. He will be detained for life in the Criminal Lunatic Asylum at Broadmoor.

Rather alarming excitement has been caused in Paris by the violent controversy upon the alleged scandals in French military administration, or at least in its judicial department, associated with the recent charges against Commandant-Major Esterhazy, but more particularly with the former condemnation and severe punishment of Captain Dreyfus. The cause of the latter, as some proclaim his innocence, being taken up by Socialist Democrats, while an opposite party, with numerous bands of college students, uphold the action of the military chiefs, there have been fears of disturbance of the peace. A tumultuous meeting on Monday evening obliged the police to interfere. General Saussier, military commandant of Paris, has retired from office, with public honours, on account of a superannuation rule. Emile Zola, the novelist, is to be prosecuted by Government for a libellous letter addressed to General Billot, Minister of War.

The settlement of relations between the European Powers and the Turkish Empire is still embarrassed by the terms exacted for some financial assistance, badly wanted by the Sultan. Germany has seized the opportunity to catch the Turkish Government with a loan based upon concessions somewhat disparaging to English and French managers of the Ottoman Bank. The Emperor of Russia is now favouring the appointment of Prince George of Greece to be ruler of Crete, which is opposed by Germany and Austria, but not by England or by France. Much distress is felt this winter by the fugitive and destitute Greek peasants of Thessaly, which remains partly occupied by the Turkish troops.

The British Indian military outposts in Beluchistan, in the Makran territory near the sea-coast west of Kurrachee,

towards the Persian Gulf, have to encounter a sudden outbreak of hostility among the tribes of the Kej Valley, nowise connected, in all probability, with the Afridi war on the North-West Frontier. A survey party, with Captain J. M. Burn, Lieutenant Turner, R.E., and Messrs. Hickie and Prunty, was surprised on Jan. 9; it was overpowered and cut up, losing most of its men, but the officers escaped on horseback. Troops have been sent from Kurrachee.

It appears now to be generally understood that no early direct forward movement of the Egyptian army commanded by the Sirdar, General Sir Herbert Kitchener, from Berber and the confluence of the Atbara with the Nile, towards Khartoum, is contemplated at this season of the year. The water of those rivers is at its lowest, so that two of the gun-boats have got fixed aground until it rises again, and their guns cannot effectively reach any bands of the enemy gathered upon the elevated riverside banks. There is a very large assemblage of the Dervishes at Metemmeh, with forces of unknown number at Omdurman, and it is even apprehended that these may come to attack, if not the main position at Berber, some other military stations along the great bend of the Nile, from Dongola, Merawi, and Korti, to Abu Hamed and the line of railway connecting this army with Egypt. It is with a view to this present contingency that fresh reinforcements of British troops are now being sent to Egypt, while those of the existing garrison are being forwarded to the Soudan, intended rather to act on the defensive, and to maintain all

Prussia, with his two ships of war, is steaming from Aden across the Indian Ocean to join the squadron there. Events of much importance may soon be expected, but with small likelihood of any war.

A Japanese transport-vessel has been wrecked in the East Asiatic archipelago, with the loss of eighty-five lives.

In West Africa Major Festing, with the Hausa troops of the Royal Niger Company, has marched against the Ibourza tribe, in order to enforce the prohibition of human sacrifices, in conformity with the line taken since the overthrow of the King of Benin.

## MUSIC.

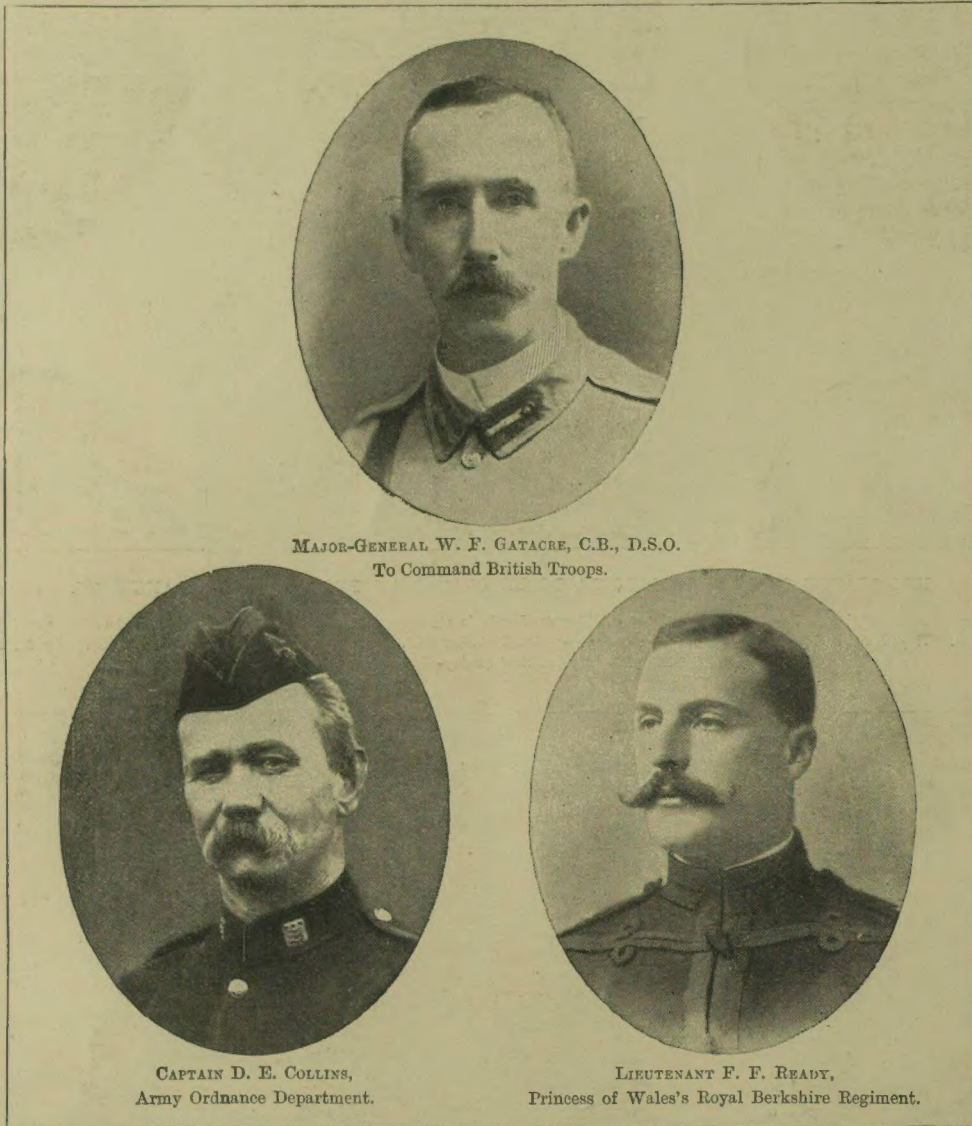
The Saturday Symphony Concerts at the Queen's Hall have begun under the conductorship of Mr. Henry Wood. On Saturday the programme was both long and elaborate, the interval after the symphony not occurring until about a quarter to five. It has been urged, and with reason, that so ample a musical banquet runs beyond all reasonable claims, and tires out an audience that otherwise would be more than gratified and refreshed by a less lengthy selection. Mr. Robert Newman and Mr. Wood may urge, on the other hand, that any member of the audience has his own remedy when he has heard as much as he cares to hear: he has simply to leave. But this scarcely suffices for a full reply. It might very well happen, for example, that many in the audience desired keenly to hear the "Parsifal" extracts, and were also curious about the newly produced work of Halvorsen and the singing of Miss Emma d'Egremont in Schubert's "Die Junge Nonne." In that case they would have to wait for practically the whole of a concert from which Mr. Cowen's Four Dances—exquisitely pretty though they are—and Meyerbeer's cavatina, "O toi qui m'abandonnes," might have been reserved for another occasion.

The chief matter of interest in the concert was, of course, Mr. Henry Wood's playing of the famous Tschai-kowsky "Pathetic" Symphony. Mr. Wood certainly scored a huge success. He has got hold of the instrumental significance of the work, as it were, apart from its emotional value, and the results are at times little short of amazing. In the splendid brutality and barbarity of the third movement, where every explosion of brass counts enormously, he has carefully considered the meaning of each bar of orchestration. The net result is that by an almost classical route he arrives at an extremely high point in the interpretation of this great work. If at any time he falls below his splendid level, it is when the melody flows more freely and by its own sweet will, rather than by the assistance of this or that appropriate instrument. At these times he fails to attain to the fullness and the richness of Richter's wonderful rendering of this work. For the first time, too, it seems to us that at the very beginning and at the very end of this performance, he succeeded in getting from his orchestra such a *pianissimo* note as might rival the *pianissimo* note of which we began to fear that M. Lamoureux alone possessed the complete secret. There is no doubt about it that Mr. Wood is advancing in his art by strides.

The rest of the concert was worthy, for the most part, of the conductor and his fine band. Miss d'Egremont, indeed, was suffering from our charming fogs, but at all events she indicated brilliance by the manner in which she sang the Meyerbeer. In the "Parsifal" extracts there was a slight tendency on the part of the violins to sentimentalise—a fatal fault in the playing of a work which is already so rich in magnificent sentiment; but fortunately this was only for a passage here and there. Mr. Cowen's dances were given with all the delightful prettiness which they claim as of right, and the concert concluded with Schubert's overture "Rosamunde."

The Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts are now in full swing, and Lady Hallé, as we recorded last week, remains the leader of the quartet until the end of the month. On Saturday afternoon a very interesting programme was given, which included Schubert's Quartet in A minor and Joachim's Romance in G major, from the Hungarian Concerto, played by Lady Hallé. Miss Fanny Davies was the pianoforte soloist on this occasion, as also on the occasion of Monday's concert, the programme of which, however, was not as stimulating as it might have been. Miss Davies is a very great favourite with the audiences of these concerts, and deserves all the applause she gets. Mr. Whitney Mockridge and Mr. Francis Harford have both been vocalists upon recent occasions.

The announcement is made by the Handel Society that Handel's great oratorio "Athaliah" will be given by them at the Queen's Hall on Saturday, Feb. 5. The work has been in existence for more than a century and a half, and it is stated that a great many years have passed since it has been heard in England or, one supposes, anywhere else, for that matter. The revival will therefore be an occasion of exceedingly great interest, for Handel is a composer whom we cannot afford to neglect, but whom, so far as his operatic work goes, we have contrived pretty successfully to shelve. Madame Dunn, Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. William Green, and Mr. Arthur Wilks will be the soloists on this occasion.



MAJOR-GENERAL W. F. GATACRE, C.B., D.S.O.  
To Command British Troops.

CAPTAIN D. E. COLLINS,  
Army Ordnance Department.

LIEUTENANT F. F. READY,  
Princess of Wales's Royal Berkshire Regiment.

OFFICERS FOR THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.  
Photographs by Cumming, Aldershot.

that has been gained since last summer, than to proceed with a hasty advance on Khartoum. In the meantime, everything needful is done for strengthening all the posts on the Nile, and for improving the communications between them. General Gatacre, who is to command the British troops ordered to the front, has set forth on his voyage up the Nile together with Major Hunter Blair and Major Talbot.

British policy, with Japanese concerted views and purposes, as some people think, in the pending adjustment of foreign demands on the Empire of China, has become the most important question of the day. The guarantee of a loan of sixteen millions sterling, enabling China to pay off the war-debt to Japan and to repair military defences, would procure an engagement not to yield to any other European nation, to the exclusion of England, any commercial or maritime advantages on the Chinese coasts or rivers. This engagement, says Sir Michael Hicks Beach, would be defended by our own Government, in case of need, at the cost of a naval war—in which the British and Japanese combined fleets could probably beat those of all Europe. It seems unlikely that either Russia or Germany would provoke such a conflict at sea, while France has made no sign of strong hostility to a course which is manifestly fair and right, in the equal interest of all foreign trading nations. It would involve the addition of Talien-Wan, a port of the northern coast, more convenient for trade than Port Arthur, and of Nanking, the great inland city of the Yang-tse-Kiang, to the list of free ports already secured by international treaties. Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister at Peking, is openly negotiating this beneficial arrangement with the Tsung-li-Yamen, which is the Chinese Foreign Office and Imperial Chancery. The Germans, meantime, are fixing, with the utmost precision, their actual easy conquest of Kiao-Chau, disguised as a long lease; and Prince Henry of



## PERSONAL.

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford won the late Sir Frank Lockwood's seat at York by a majority of eleven, on a poll of over eleven thousand votes—one in a thousand. Born in 1846, the son of the fifth Marquis of Waterford, Lord Charles became a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy in 1868, and a Rear-Admiral in 1897. From 1874 to 1880 he sat for Waterford; and again in 1885 for East Marylebone. A year later he became a Lord of the Admiralty, but resigned his position in 1888, and his seat in Parliament in 1889, in order to take command of the *Undaunted*. Lord Charles, who was an Aide-de-camp to the Queen in the Jubilee celebrations last year, married in 1877 a daughter of Lord Richard Gardner, and he is the heir-presumptive of his nephew, the present Marquis of Waterford.

Mr. S. F. Mendl, the new member for Plymouth, is only thirty-one years of age. After leaving Harrow, he went to University College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. with honours in 1887. Though he has been called to the Bar—a useful preparation for an aspiring politician—he has been engaged in the management of his father's large business as a grain-merchant and ship-owner. He has twice been beaten in attempts to enter Parliament, once in the Isle of Wight, where he tried to oust Sir Richard Webster, and once at Plymouth, which now favours him with its suffrages, though his opponent, too, the Hon. Ivor Guest, was a strong candidate, and had the constant support of Sir Edward Clarke.

The late Mr. Villiers is succeeded in the grave and reverend rôle of "Father of the House of Commons" by Mr. W. W. Bramston Beach, who has been member for the Andover Division of Hampshire since the year 1857. Sir John Mowbray, member for Oxford University, has sat in Parliament four years longer than Mr. Beach, but not with equal continuity in the representation of a single constituency, and it has been decided that this continuity makes the "Father." Though upwards of seventy years of age, Mr. Beach, who is a cousin of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, is a remarkably hale old country gentleman, and a keen sportsman, who has been Master of the Vine Hounds for some twenty years. A Conservative, though by no means a retrograde one, he still takes a keen interest in politics, though he has sat through no less than fourteen Administrations.

Mr. Edward Harford died of pneumonia on board the *St. Paul* on his return voyage from America, whither he went last autumn in his usual health. Born fifty-seven years ago, the son of a Tiverton police-officer, he began his career as a policeman, and then entered the service of a railway company as signalman, afterwards serving as a guard. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants brought him to London, and he rose to be their General Secretary. His activities were also displayed in his capacity as a Governor of the Imperial Institute, a member of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, a Vice-President of the London Conciliation Board, and a candidate, at the last General Election, for a seat in Parliament at Northampton.

The death of Mrs. Cowden Clarke severs a link where links are few, between the present generation of writers and that which had Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and Lamb among its brilliant company. Born in 1809, Mary Novello was the daughter of a musician, and one of her brothers founded the firm of musical publishers which needs nothing now by way of introduction for its familiar name. Her marriage with Charles Cowden Clarke not only brought her into contact with various great literary men who were his friends or acquaintances, but it set her to work herself on

a career of busy, if minor, authorship. Her "Concordance to Shakspeare" was followed by various other contributions to Shakspearean literature; and in her last book, "My Long Life"—she was in her eighty-ninth year when she died—she revived many old memories connecting her with names that lent a sort of secondary lustre to her own.

Sir Polydore de Keyser, who was born a Belgian, and who managed for many years the Royal Hotel, at Blackfriars, which his father founded, and which is now the property of a company, won his knighthood as Lord Mayor of London. That position he held just ten years ago, and he was the first Roman Catholic to hold it since the Reformation. He was a precedent, in fact, for the subsequent election of Sir Stuart Knill. Sir Polydore, of whom a bust has been placed in the Guildhall, married in 1862 Louise, daughter of M. Isidor Pieron, of Brussels, who died in 1895.

The Hon. William Gisborne, formerly Colonial Secretary and Minister of Public Works in New Zealand, died

had one congratulation the less on the day of his return to Parliament. Sir Joseph in old York, like Mr. Henry George in New York, took the contest too much to his heart, which was not strong enough for the strain, and each man went to bed in his hotel in his usual health at night, and was dead before the day dawned. Sir Joseph Terry, who was a sweet-manufacturer, a magistrate, and a past-Lord Mayor in his native city, was also the chairman of Lord Charles's election committee. He was knighted in 1887. Born in 1828, he married in 1871 Margaret, daughter of Mr. W. Thorpe, of Malton.

The exquisite humorist who was known to the world as "Lewis Carroll," and to a much smaller circle as the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, has died at the age of sixty-five. Mr. Dodgson, whose father was Archdeacon of Richmond, was educated at Rugby and Christ Church. He became a grave Oxford Don, and a profound mathematician; published in 1860 a "Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry," which was followed in 1864 by

"A Guide to the Mathematical Student." From these sober studies Mr. Dodgson burst suddenly into a humorous vein, so quaint, fantastic, and original that "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" at once attained a popularity it has never lost. It was followed in 1872 by "Through the Looking-Glass," a further instalment of Alice's experiences. Then came an interval of mathematics, which apparently furnished the inspiration for "The Hunting of the Snark," and other sprightly sallies which, if not equal to the first venture, have much of the author's genuineness. The last was "Sylvia and Bruno," which contained a remarkable preface, written by the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, M.A., not by "Lewis Carroll." It appeared to be a kind of penitential homily on the frivolity of fun and on the impropriety of allowing children to go to the theatre. In his time Mr. Dodgson had been an enthusiastic playgoer, and the stage version of "Alice's Adventures" has delighted both old and young. But in the closing years of his life Mr. Dodgson was once more the Oxford Don, resentful of messages addressed to Lewis Carroll, but, as his friends have testified, full of kindness and humour under a prim, mathematical exterior. Few English writers have contributed so much to the gaiety of a whole people.

Surgeon-Lieutenant Colonel George King, who has just been made a K.C.I.E., owes his honours to the fact of his immense services in cultivating quinine in India. Like many other

Scotsmen who have preceded him in the Far East, he is primarily a great botanist, and superintends the Royal Gardens at Calcutta. There was a time when the Government of India had to spend £50,000 a year on imported quinine. Dr. King took up the matter thoroughly, and started planting on a vast scale. The result has been that quinine is now one of the cheapest drugs in India, and this has caused an immense diminution in the fevers which it cures. He has also enlarged our knowledge of the botany of India in several elaborate works which the Government has thought worthy of issuing.

Sir Herbert Kitchener has withdrawn his ukase against the war-correspondents. They are to be permitted to go to the front subject to the discretion of the commander of the Nile Expedition. This means that there will be no essential modification of precedents. No doubt the Sirdar's later decision is due to the intervention of the authorities at home, who did not relish the prospect of two campaigns—one on the Nile and the other in the Press. The Dervishes will be defeated, but who can overthrow the Editors?

The Duke of Westminster has proved a Good Samaritan to the burnt-out Lord and Lady Wrottesley by placing at their disposal one of his superfluous seats in North Wales.



Photo Elliott and Fry.  
MR. S. F. MENDEL, M.P.



Photo Russell and Sons.  
MR. W. W. BRAMSTON BEACH,  
"Father of the House of Commons."



Photo Chancellor, Dublin.  
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, M.P.



Photo Turner, Barnsbury.  
THE LATE MR. EDWARD HARFORD.



THE LATE MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.

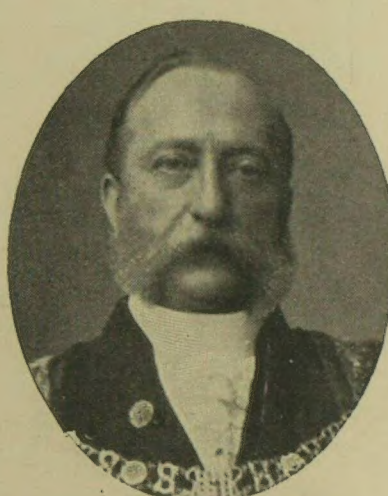


Photo Bassano.  
THE LATE SIR POLYDORE DE KEYSER.

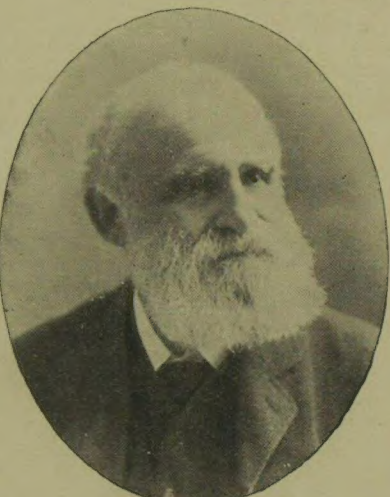


Photo Winter, Derby.  
THE LATE HON. WILLIAM GISBORNE.



Photo Shawcross, Guildford.  
THE LATE REV. C. L. DODGSON ("LEWIS CARROLL.")



Photo Debenham, York.  
THE LATE SIR JOSEPH TERRY.

last week in the pleasant Derbyshire home he had chosen as the place of his retirement from the active business of life. That was some fifteen years ago, and he had memories enough to dwell with, for he had assisted in the growth of the Constitution of New Zealand, and had held, besides the offices already named, a number of others of only less importance. As the author of "New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen," he takes rank as the premier historian of the colony.

Canon Fleming's discourse on "Recognition in Heaven" has certainly obtained recognition on earth. It was preached at the time of the Duke of Clarence's death (of which the sixth anniversary has just been kept), and the sale has produced already a profit of £1500. No doubt, the occasion was partly the cause of this popularity, and, no doubt, it was further assisted by the fact that the proceeds go in equal halves to the Gordon Boys' Home and the British Home for Incurables. But, for whatever cause, the sermon has beaten the record, and is the most profitable single discourse—at any rate, commercially—that has been preached and published in our times.

By the sudden death of Sir Joseph Terry in the midst of the electoral contest at York, Lord Charles Beresford





Archibald Thorburn

SPENT.

Drawn by Archibald Thorburn.





ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

THE anchor of her Majesty's ship *Hannibal* was underfoot and the captain on the bridge, and Rear-Admiral Garnet had shaken hands with the last of the "leading" Fijian white residents, who always did the welcoming and farewelling when distinguished persons visited Levuka, when Lieutenant Bollard approached him and signified that "a person" from the shore had just come alongside in a boat and desired to see "his Excellency on private and important business."

"What the devil does the fellow want?" said the Admiral irascibly, not a whit softened by the "his Excellency" style of address; "I'm going on the bridge, and can't see anyone now; we can't delay the ship and get into a mess going through the passage."

"Told him so, Sir; but he says he wants to see you upon an important—a most pressing matter."

"Oh, well! Confound him! Let the sentry show him to my cabin, and tell Captain Bracely I shall be up in five minutes."

The "person," conducted by the sentry, was shown into the cabin, where the Admiral, without taking a seat or offering one to his visitor, inquired with a cold, cautious politeness born of much experience of island visitors with "important and private Service matters of great urgency," what he might be pleased to want?

The stranger was a short, fat, coarse-looking man with little pig-like eyes and scanty tufts of black beard and whiskers growing in irregular patches on his cheeks and chin, like clumps of gorse on clayey banks. He was dressed—in a manner—in an ill-fitting black cloth suit imported from Sydney. His hair was very black and shiny, plastered down over his temples and beautifully parted at the back of his bullet head. Altogether he was an unpleasantly sleek, oleaginous creature, and as he stood bowing and smirking with a cat-like grin, the Admiral felt an almost irresistible impulse to kick him out of the cabin. Notwithstanding his haste, however, he began to recollect the man as an individual who had been introduced to him a few days previously at some missionary function.

"Can't recollect the fellow's name," he muttered to himself. "I wonder what the devil the creature wants! Got a complaint against the Consul very likely—everyone has a complaint against a Consul—it's a disease in the South Seas. Confound their twopenny-halfpenny squabbles!" Then the little fat man, with another servile grin, spoke.

"I wish, your Excellency, to see you upon a matter which I think, as a loyal subject, it is my duty—my painful duty—to bring under your notice."

"Thought as much," said the Admiral to himself. "Some row about a trader insulting a native teacher, or vice-versâ." Then, smothering an exclamation of impatience, he said—

"What is it, Sir? I have no time to lose. By the way, who are you, Sir?"

"My name, your Excellency, is Ebenezer Yowlman. I had the distinguished



"Take your men out of sight, Sergeant. I don't want this fellow frightened."



honour, your Excellency, of showing your Excellency over the grounds of the new Mission College. I was the contractor for the erection of that ornament to our little town." And again the oily creature smirked and bowed and did the invisible soap business.

"Surely you are not a missionary, Sir?" asked the Admiral.

"I am not, your Excellency. That is, I am not yet an ordained labourer in the Vineyard, your Excellency; but I hope soon to be one. Meanwhile, all the time that is left to me from my business (I am a storekeeper and contractor) is given to the cause of spreading the Light. I was once a lost soul, your—"

"I see, I see," interrupted the Admiral, with ill-disguised disgust and open impatience, "but do, for Heaven's sake, tell me what is your complaint. I am due in Sydney on the tenth of this month, and the ship is already under way. As it is, we shall have to stop outside the reef to let you get into your boat."

"I am aware of it, your Excellency, and I should not have ventured to detain you, but this is a very serious matter—I may say, a criminal matter. When I had the honour of meeting your Excellency in company with those godly men, the Reverend Jabez Striver and the Reverend Peter MacRoarer, on the occasion of your Excellency's visit to the College, I would have spoken of this matter then; but my poor, weak nature was so torn by conflicting emotions that I could not. And for the past two nights have I struggled and wrestled in spirit, and sought Divine guidance. 'Tis indeed hard for one man to reveal the sins and wickedness of a fellow-sinner—knowing that we are all but weak vessels. But yet in this case it is my bounden duty as a loyal—"

"Go on—go on, for Heaven's sake! What on earth is the matter?"

"Your Excellency, I wish, in all sorrow and tribulation of spirit, to give you information as to the whereabouts of a deserter from her Majesty's Navy."

"What do you mean, Sir? None of my men are missing, and if any were, I'd tell the Fijian police about it, and not delay the *Hannibal*," and with a curt nod the Admiral turned on his heel and was about to leave the cabin, when the man stepped forward and intercepted him, saying—

"One word more, your Excellency. There is in connection with this case—"

"The reward. Yes, of course. I forgot all about that. If there is a deserter from any of her Majesty's ships living ashore here, you will get the usual reward, I have no doubt. But really, Sir, this is a matter that you must arrange with the police when the next man-of-war comes here, or go to the Consul"—and then, *sotto voce*—"or the devil, confound you!" and the Admiral more than ever felt inclined to kick his visitor out.

"You quite mistake me, Admiral Garnet. I have no wish to claim an earthly reward for doing my duty to my Queen and country. Since I have lived in these islands the Lord has prospered me in my worldly affairs, and I am in a position far above taking payment in money for doing my duty. I am, I trust, walking in the Light, and do not want to obtain wealth—which is but of this world—for performing such duty."

"Well, well, I am sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Yowlman. But now I really cannot talk any longer here, so please do not keep me. At the same time if there is a deserter here I don't see what business it is of yours to interest yourself in his capture. Don't you think you have enough to do to look after your store, and contracting, and missionary business without running after deserters?" And inwardly the Admiral cursed his visitor for a meddling ass. He was in a hurry to get to sea, and yet this fellow might make it necessary for the ship to be delayed till the deserter was apprehended.

"My humble connection with missionaries, Admiral, has taught me that at whatever cost to my own feelings, my duty as a loyal subject must, next to my duty as a Christian, be performed honestly."

"Oh, yes, yes. That's all right, I meant no disrespect to the missionaries. Many of the gentlemen engaged in missionary work in these islands have rendered very valuable services to her Majesty's ships on many occasions," and then to himself, "and given us a devil of a lot of trouble as well."

"Now, Sir," the Admiral resumed, "having explained that the Consul or the police will attend to this deserter, you will allow me to say 'Good day.'"

"One moment more, Sir," and a spiteful green lit up the little piggish eyes. "I desire, as a British subject, to speak to you on this matter, and to you alone. There are reasons—very particular reasons—why her Majesty's Consul or the Fijian police here cannot deal with this case."

"Oh, well," sighed the Admiral resignedly; "sit down, Mr. Yowlman. I see I am in for it, and so I'll send for my secretary and—"

"Cannot this matter be arranged without a third party?"

"No, Sir; it CANNOT!"

The Admiral said this with so much emphasis, and rang the bell with so much force at the same moment, that the sentry almost jumped into the cabin to see what was the matter.

"Pass the word for Mr. Hayling to come to my cabin,

and to the captain that I will not be with him for ten minutes yet. Ten minutes will do your business, Mr. Yowlman, eh?"

"Certainly, your Excellency," and an evil smile crossed the man's repulsive features.

The marine saluted, the secretary appeared, and the Admiral, nodding towards Mr. Yowlman in anything but a friendly manner, growled: "My secretary—Mr. Hayling. This is Mr. Yowlman, Mr. Hayling; he has a communication to make about a deserter. Now, Sir, proceed."

"This," said the man, producing a photograph and laying it on the table, "is a portrait of a person who, I have every reason to believe, was a sergeant of marines on the *Flycatcher* when she was on this station five years ago."

"Take charge of that photograph, Mr. Hayling. Go ahead, Mr. Yowlman."

"The man, after deserting from the *Flycatcher* at a place in this group called Yasawa, managed to make his way to the island of Niuafoou, where at that time I was in temporary charge of the Christian Cultivation Association's trading station. He came to the island in an open boat from the Yasawa Group, and was not suspected until quite recently."

"Deuced long time finding him out. But proceed, Sir."

"Guilty as the man was of the crime of desertion, I must yet, perforce, say that he behaved himself very well. He was kindly received by the King Tepuaka (a very earnest seeker after the Light) and all went well for the space of four years."

"Well, what happened then? Five minutes left," and the Admiral looked at his watch.

"My story will soon be told, your Excellency. The man, who calls himself George Barcom, gained the affections of Tuilagi,\* the youngest daughter of the King. She, although not a seeker after the Terewth, was yet beginning to display some interest in the teachings of Christianity, and was an exceedingly comely young woman." Here Mr. Yowlman clasped his fat hands together and cast up his eyes. "But her father, at my suggestion, objected to their union. One night Barcom and the poor, misguided girl were missing. They had fled in an open boat to another island called Anuda—one of those dark places of the earth where the good seed has not yet been sown."

"And what was the nature and reason of your objection to their marriage?" said the Admiral quietly.

"I had every reason by this time to believe that the man was a deserter, and in my capacity as a preacher of the Gospel—though not ordained as such—I—"

"Confine yourself to the subject, if you please," interrupted the Admiral, with a mingled look of impatience and disgust. "You are not a missionary, you tell me, and I'm hanged if I'm going to listen to a sermon in my own cabin just now. Yet I have already given you as much of my time as if you were one. But don't trespass on my good-nature too much."

"I thought it my duty to interfere and prevent such a wicked and improper marriage. And, your Excellency, this carrying away the young woman against her father's wishes was very detrimental to the progress of the Mission work. As I have said, she was beginning to evince a certain concern for her soul—"

"Confound it, man! why will you so persistently harp upon irrelevant matters that do not, as far as I can see, possibly concern what you really want to tell me? Have you a brief to speak for the missionaries? I am acquainted with the principal gentlemen who conduct mission work in the South Seas, but I'll be hanged if I ever heard your name mentioned by any one of them—not even as a house-builder or whatever your vocation is." And then, with a quick glance at the cunning visage of Yowlman, he added, "I suppose you knew this young woman very well—perhaps were a particular friend of hers?"

Mr. Ebenezer Yowlman coughed. "Hm—er. Well, your Excellency, my dear wife, who has now departed to her rest—an indeed well-earned rest—when alive, took much interest in this young girl, and before she was called away, besought me to cherish and protect her. And as time went on, there *was* formed, I may say, an attachment between this young creature and myself—that is, of course, such an attachment as could exist between a young woman of this kind, yearning for instruction, and her spiritual adviser and guide."

"Yes, yes; I quite understand, Mr. Yowlman. Mr. Hayling has notes of your statement, and the photograph. Now, if you will kindly keep your own counsel on the matter you shall hear in due course that we have arrested this man, and then, I think, you will be satisfied."

Then turning to his secretary, the Admiral said: "The *Spitfire* is due at Levuka about the 8th. Write a letter to Commander Arness, and tell him to call at Anuda and arrest a deserter from the marines, calling himself George Barcom, and who can be identified by this photograph. He is the only white man on the island, so this Mr. Yowlman says, and there should be no difficulty in finding him. This will satisfy you, I presume, Mr. Yowlman?"

"Quite, Sir, I assure you. I have done my duty, and—"

"Good-day, Sir. You will just have time to get into

your boat and get ashore while we are in smooth water, and before we start the engines."

The Admiral did not seem to notice the little fat man's outstretched hand. The secretary bowed him out of the cabin, holding the photograph in one hand and his notebook in the other. Neither of them liked his look well enough to shake hands with him.

The Admiral, however, did not give the order to start the engines immediately, for the sentry, in accordance with orders received from the secretary, waited till Mr. Ebenezer Yowlman was at the foot of the accommodation-ladder, and then called out: "Hold on that boat a minute or two; the Admiral wants to send a letter ashore."

For twenty minutes Mr. Yowlman waited impatiently in the boat, and then a big, official-looking letter was handed down the ladder to the boatman, addressed: "O.H.M.S.—Commander Arness, H.M.S. *Spitfire*, care of H.B.M. Consul, Levuka, Fiji."

Mr. Yowlman smiled to himself with the satisfied air of a man who had done his duty. He knew the contents of the letter, and recognised through its envelope the hard cardboard of the photograph of George Barcom enclosed therein. There was also a smaller note, addressed to Commander Arness by name, and marked "Private letter."

Five minutes later the *Hannibal* steamed through the passage, and shaped a course for Sydney.

The *Spitfire* was steaming full speed E.S.E. from Levuka. On the bridge was Commander Arness talking to the navigating Lieutenant, a young and almost effeminate-looking officer.

The land had just been sighted, and lay right ahead.

"Will there be daylight enough left for us to get there and have this wretched thing over, Carteret?" asked Commander Arness.

"Plenty, Sir, if this weather keeps up and you don't want to stay there more than a couple of hours."

"No. Two hours should be ample time. This letter from Hayling explains the whole business," and he handed the Lieutenant the despatch from the Admiral's secretary, which duly set forth that the *Spitfire* was to take on board a certain white trader living on Anuda—otherwise, Cherry Island—and bring him prisoner to Sydney. His wife was to be returned to her father at Niuafoou. The last paragraph in the letter was to this effect—

Be careful to identify beyond doubt this alleged deserter. The Rear-Admiral has received this information at the instant of sailing, and he is by no means certain that the statements of his informant can be depended upon. A photograph of the reputed deserter is enclosed herewith. The Admiral thinks that Mr. Carteret may know the man, as he was serving in the *Flycatcher* five years ago.

"This rascal Yowlman has informed upon the poor devil for spite," said the Commander; "here's a private note from Hayling to myself about the fellow."

The Lieutenant took the note and read—

My dear Arness,—Just a line on my own account. Be careful what you are doing in this business. The fellow who informed is a sort of hanger-on to the missionaries here. He confessed that jealousy had something to do with the matter, and I could see the Admiral wanted to kick him out of the cabin. Make sure that this man Barcom is a deserter, or there will be the devil to pay if he should prove to be an American citizen, or anything of that kind.—Yours, CHARLES HAYLING.

"You see why they have left the matter to us, Carteret. You were a 'sub' on the *Flycatcher* five years ago, and the Admiral thinks you may be able to identify this fellow. Of course Barcom is not his name."

Mr. Carteret at this moment was very busy with the chart, over which he bent his head a moment, and then turned sharply to the man at the wheel, who was not out of earshot.

"Keep your course," he said sharply; "why don't you attend to your steering!" Then he turned to the Captain: "I beg your pardon, Sir; you were saying?"

"I was saying that you ought to remember such an incident as a sergeant of marines deserting from the *Flycatcher* when she was down here five years ago."

"I do remember it. The man's name was Charles Parker."

"Is that the man?" And Arness handed him a photograph of a man dressed in white ducks and a straw hat, evidently taken by an amateur.

Carteret looked at the photograph for fully a couple of minutes before he answered slowly—

"No, I don't think that is the man."

A few hours later the *Spitfire* had steamed in close to the land, and a boat was lowered. In this boat were Lieutenant Carteret, a sergeant of marines, and three privates and half-a-dozen bluejackets.

"I have force enough to take a boat-load of deserters," remarked the Lieutenant to his commander, as he descended the poop ladder on his way to the boat.

Commander Arness laughed. "Oh, well, you know the natives might take it into their heads to resist his arrest. But be careful what you are doing: make perfectly sure that he is the man. You don't know what complications might arise if we carried off the wrong person."

The moment the boat touched the shore, she was surrounded by a crowd of friendly, brown-skinned islanders, who seemed delighted to see the strangers.

"Any one of you fellows speak English?" asked Mr. Carteret.

\* Tuilagi—"Queen of the Sky"; a favoured woman's name in Polynesia.



"Yes, Sir," and a big burly fellow with a fine open countenance advanced to the officer. "Me speak English, and plenty more men here speak it, too. What you want, Sir?"

"Any white men living here?" asked Carteret quietly. "Oh, yes—one, a very good man; his name is Joajai" [George].

"Take me to his house," said the officer. "I want to see him."

In another minute Mr. Carteret and his marines were conducted up a steep and rugged path towards the white trader's house, which was situated quite apart from the native village, while the bluejackets were left in the boat, remarking to each other that this white man was a most cursed unfriendly sort of a chap not to come down to the beach when he saw a man-of-war's boat ashore.

"Don't you be such a fool, Tom," said the coxswain to one of the men. "You're always a-jumpin' at conclusions too rapid. Just you wait a bit and see. It's my belief that this chap has been up to something, and the marines have gone with Carteret to scruff him and bring him aboard. I saw the sergeant had a pair of darbies, and what do you suppose that Carteret's come ashore with a regular escort for?"

A few minutes' walk and Lieutenant Carteret and his men, guided by a number of natives, reached the white man's thatched dwelling, which stood amid a grove of banana and bread-fruit trees. When within a few yards, the Lieutenant saw a tall, graceful young native girl, clad in semi-European style, advance to the open door, and then with a terrified exclamation withdraw again.

"That is Tui,\* Joajai's wife," said one of the natives, pointing to the girl, who now again appeared, and, with her full dark eyes dilated with alarm, timidly held out her hand to the officer and murmured something in the native tongue.

"She speak English, but she is afraid of the men with the guns," explained the native guide.

"Where is your husband?" said Lieutenant Carteret, motioning to the girl to seat herself, and the marines to stand back.

She only shook her head, and turned inquiringly to the natives who accompanied the officer.

"The white man is away on the other side of the island, Sir. He be here in 'bout one half-hour," said the English-speaking native. "Suppose you like, Sir, I send someone go tell him come quick?"

Carteret hesitated a moment, then answered "No." Then turning to the sergeant of marines, he said, "Let your men fall still further back, sergeant. This is a delicate matter, and I don't want this confounded crowd of natives, many of whom understand English, to hear what I have to say to this woman. Send a man down to the boat, and tell the coxswain that I shall have to wait for some time. If the ship makes a signal, the boat can go off and tell the captain that I shall have to wait; then she can come back for me."

All this time the trader's young wife sat trembling upon a rude couch that stretched across one side of the room; and her eyes never left the officer's face for an instant, save when for a moment she gave a terrified glance at the rifles and bayonets of the marine escort.

The moment that the marines had fallen back the Lieutenant stepped forward and took the young woman by the hand.

"Tui," he said hurriedly, drawing her to the further end of the room with firm but gentle hand, and speaking so low and without motion of his lips that none but she knew that he spoke at all, "for God's sake and for mine and your husband's, do not be frightened, but listen to me and do exactly as I tell you."

Still trembling like a startled fawn, the girl raised her lustrous eyes to the young officer's face. His earnest, sincere manner and expression of deep concern seemed to reassure her, and though her bosom heaved and her breath came in quick, short gasps, she turned her face to him in the confidence of dawning hope.

"Who are you, Sir, and what do you want my husband for?"

"Tell these natives to go," said the Lieutenant. "Have no fear. I am your husband's friend; but, be quick!"

Still, with a wondering look upon her beautiful face, the girl advanced to the door, said something in the island tongue to the crowd of curious natives, and then gently closed the door.

"This is a rum go!" said the sergeant of marines to himself, as he saw the door shut to. "What the devil has the girl been doing? Are the bracelets for her, I wonder?"

"Tui," said Lieutenant Carteret, the moment they were alone, "time presses. Do you understand English well enough to thoroughly understand that which I am now about to tell you?"

"Yes, Sir," she answered, standing before him with clasped hands, "I think so. A white woman who is dead now taught me to read and write English, and my husband always talks English to me."

"Good. Then listen to me, my girl. I am Lieutenant

Carteret; then he waited a moment and added, "whatever it might do later on."

Suddenly the girl's dark eyes filled with tears, and she laid her hand on the officer's sleeve.

"What is to be done, Sir? For God's sake don't you take my husband from me, Sir."

"This can be done. You have seen this photograph. You say that it is not that of your husband, don't you? But, Tui, I must do my duty, do you understand? I must see your husband."

"And you are the man whose life he saved—for now I remember your name and the story he told me long ago—you who say you are his friend, you would do this thing, you who in the ship gave him money so that he might—"

"Wait, my girl, till I have finished; then you will understand. Listen now. I will remain here, and you will yourself find your husband and bring him here to this house so that I may see him. Bring him here quickly, and by some way that my men cannot see his face. And then, Tui,

when I have spoken to him, then for your sake and for his sake I will lie, and swear he is not the man I have been sent to take. Then, when my ship has gone, you—you and he—you must promise me this, Tui—must leave this island as quickly as possible; so that when Ebenezer Yowlman sends another war-ship here—as he will do—they may not discover that I am a liar and have been false to my duty."

"Oh, Sir, is this true? Surely you would not tell a lie to a poor native girl like me?"

"Go, my girl"—and Carteret placed a kindly hand on her shoulder—"go quickly to Parker—I know very well that he is not far off. He will believe what I say."

For a moment she gazed intently into his face, as if she would read his soul; and then seizing his hand pressed it to her lips, and went out by the door that opened at the rear of the house.

Then the Lieutenant opened the front door and walked slowly across to where the marines were standing.

"Take your men out of sight, sergeant. I don't want this fellow frightened until I know who he is. If he's the man we want, we'll have no trouble in getting him. I've induced his wife to go and bring him."

Whistling softly in an unconcerned manner, he turned back and stood at the door of the house and waited there for perhaps ten minutes, until he saw the girl returning with a white man, who appeared to be ill and weak, for he had on a heavy top-coat, and a shawl was wrapped round his neck in such a way that his features were almost entirely hidden.

Lieutenant Carteret allowed the man and woman to enter, and then followed, closing the door after him.

As soon as he was inside, the white man threw off his muffler and turned towards the officer.

"You must take me, Sir," he said, speaking calmly. "I cannot let you do this for me. I know, Sir, that you cannot help yourself."

"No, by Heavens! Parker, I cannot take you. You jumped overboard and saved my life. I tell

you, man, that I can't do it. Do you think I can ever forget that awful thirty minutes, nearly six years ago, when you kept me afloat off the Bampton Shoal? Now, Parker, just listen. I have a plan; the whole thing is arranged as soon as we leave here. But you and your wife must get away from this island soon after the *Spitfire* leaves. That infernal sweep, Yowlman, will be sure to send another man-of-war after you—"

"Listen to me, Sir. I, too, have a plan. You shall not ruin yourself for me. You are only a very young man, Sir, and have the world before you. I dread nothing but the temporary separation from Tui here. To me my arrest means only dismissal from the service and a couple of years in gaol; and likely enough, I shall get back here again without much trouble."

"No, I—"

"Don't waste time, Sir. Call the escort, but for God's sake, Sir, do the thing quickly; look at my girl, Sir, and let me get away before I break down too, and act the coward. If you don't call the escort at once I will."

"You madman, Parker," began Carteret, and then Tui threw her arms round her husband,



There came a flash and a cry, and the white man sprang to his feet and fell forward on his face—dead.

SEE NEXT PAGE.

Carteret, of H.M.S. *Spitfire*—that ship out there—sent here with the ship's police to arrest a deserter from the *Flycatcher* on this station five years ago. This is the man's photograph. He is said to be your husband, and calls himself George Barcom. Now, when I was an officer of the *Flycatcher*, I knew a man named Charles Parker—her face went a deadly pallor—"who deserted the ship at the Yasawa Group in Fiji. I can, without doubt, identify this man. But, Tui, I have looked at this photograph when it was held in the hand of my captain, and said that this is not the man whom I knew as Charles Parker. But look at it yourself and tell me—is this the photograph of your husband and is this man on this island?"

With shaking fingers she took it from him, looked at it, and then raised her face to the officer.

"Is this the doin' of a man called Ebenezer Yowlman?"

"Yes," answered the Lieutenant, "it is the work of Ebenezer Yowlman. He brought this photograph to the Admiral only a few days ago."

A savage gleam came into her eyes. "The wretch! I will kill him for this some day!"

"That will not save your husband, my girl," said

\* The diminutive of Tuilagi.



"Are you tired of me?" she sobbed. "Is this how you would leave the woman who loves you, and who will be the mother of your child?"

The deserter caught her in his arms, and looking over his shoulder at the Lieutenant, said, "For God's sake, Sir, don't wait. Call in your men and get it over."

"Parker, for Heaven's sake take this chance. I tell you man, that I have no fear for myself. I don't care a straw about the Service even if this were discovered."

"Stand aside, Sir. I'm not the man to let you sacrifice yourself for me—" And unloosing his wife's arms from his neck, he advanced to the door.

"Very well, it is your own fault."

The next instant the Lieutenant threw open the door.

"Sergeant, bring your men here."

Half an hour later, Lieutenant Carteret reported to Commander Arness.

"I have brought the prisoner on board, Sir. He is a man named Charles Parker, and was sergeant of marines on the *Flycatcher*."

"Very good, Mr. Carteret. What have you done with his wife?"

"She refused to leave, Sir, and when we brought the man away, went off to the other side of the island."

When the *Spitfire* reached Sydney, Charles Parker was duly tried by court-martial, and in consequence of the friendly exertions of the principal witness against him, Lieutenant Neil Carteret, was let off lightly. He was dismissed from the service, and sentenced to imprisonment in a Sydney jail for eighteen months.

When his time had expired, he managed, after a few months of waiting about in Sydney, to work his way back to Anuda Island. And scarce had the boat touched the beach when he was seized by the welcoming arms of his native friends and carried ashore.

"Is it well with my wife, O friends?" he asked.

"It is well with her," they answered; "in a little while we will take you to her, but first let us tell of that which has befallen her on this island."

Then they told him.

"One day after the war-ship had gone," they said, "there came here a trading schooner from Niuafoou. On the ship were Tepuaka, the King of Niuafoou—the father of thy wife—and many of his men. And with him there came also the little fat white man named Epanesa [Ebenezer]. All those men that came with Tepuaka, the King, were

lotu [Christians]. No sooner did they land, than Tepuaka and his friend, the fat little white man, Epanesa, walked to the house of his daughter, thy wife, Tui, but all of his men he bade remain here in the village.

"See," said one of these men of Niuafoou to us vauntingly, 'see what has come to pass!' Tuilagi refused to take for her husband the good and pious man Epanesa, but fled with this common white man, who is no better than a heathen. And then what comes? This bad white man is caught by his countrymen and put in a prison with chains upon his body. So now the King comes

"Then said the evil-faced white man to Tui: 'For the wrong that thou did'st me by running away with that evil white man do I forgive thee, for I love thee well.' And then he put his arms about her, and sought to embrace her after the manner of a lover.

"And then from beneath her gown did Tui take out a little gun that fires six bullets; and as the fat man, Epanesa, pressed her to his bosom and heeded not what she did, she placed the mouth of the little gun to the side of his fat head. Then she said—

"This do I, dog, for the husband thou hast robbed me of," and then there came a flash and a cry, and the white man sprang to his feet and fell forward on his face—dead.

"Then Tui, with the little gun in her hand fled past her father and came towards the village, and Tepuaka the King followed her with death in his face.

"Kill her!" he called to the men of Niuafoou.

"But now we men of Anuda sprang to her aid with our clubs in our hands, and she ran into our midst and called to us to save her from her father.

"So there was much talk, and then her father's wrath began to subside, for we made him many presents of food for his journey back, and although he spake no word of farewell to Tui, yet he went away in peace. That is all. And see, Jaojai, hither comes thy wife with her son in her arms to welcome thee home."

THE END

After the latest communication from the Vatican for the benefit of the Anglican clergy, there ought to be no more talk about the reunion of the Churches. The Roman position

is defined so clearly that any recognition by Rome of the validity of the Anglican orders is plainly impossible. Most people saw this from the first, but hope blooms eternal in the breasts of theologians who have the amiable ambition to reconcile all the "doxies."

Mr. Gladstone might yet appear in a new character if he chose—as patentee of the new thing in furniture he has contrived to pay the double debt of a bookcase and a screen. It holds, boasts this great Cabinet-maker, "the maximum of books in the minimum of space"; it is made lightly of wood; is painted with white enamel, and backed by tapestry. The front view is all of shelves, capable of holding about four hundred volumes, and the top does duty as a stand for ornaments—say a bust of Dante, for Mr. Gladstone's choice.



PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE.—BY JOSEPH CLARK.

Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

for his daughter, for even now is Epanesa willing to take her, though she is but of little worth, to my mind."

"While they spoke thus to us, Tepuaka and his white friend had gone to thy house, and there did Tui, thy wife, meet them with smiles to hide what lay in her heart.

"Get thee ready, thou wicked woman," said her father roughly to her; "get thee ready quickly to leave this heathen land and return to thy own country, where thou shalt be wife to this good man, Epanesa, who desires thee still."

"It is well, my father," said Tui; "but yet leave us now for a little. Surely if this man desires me for his house he can speak to me with his own mouth, and not through thine."

"So her father went without the house, and Epanesa, the white man, remained with Tui.

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THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: WOUNDED AND SICK OFFICERS AND MEN ARRIVING AT RAWAL PINDI FROM THE FRONT.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



## SIR HERBERT KITCHENER, K.C.B.

The Sirdar has gained for himself a rather unenviable notoriety just now, and his "boycott" of the war-correspondents is not calculated to increase the number of his friends. Possibly he may be excused when the true inwardness of this seemingly unwise measure is more fully known. It may come out that it was advisable to draw a discreet veil over the actual condition of the Egyptian army at this present juncture, and that the search-light of the Press should not be turned on to the comparative destitution of the troops, the weakness of their extended positions, and the near dangers that threaten them. To emphasise the latter might hasten some offensive movement on the part of the Dervishes; and this menace of attack undoubtedly exists, and grows more and more imminent from hour to hour, with no hope of any real security until the British reinforcements arrive. But Kitchener is a bold man to affront the Press. It would be more politic to propitiate the Fourth Estate just now, when his well-merited reputation may at any time be imperilled. The mistake he has made is in not taking the correspondents into his confidence. If there were urgent reasons why the existing situation should not be exposed, he could surely have counted upon their loyal patriotic reticence. As it is, his high-handed proceedings, the outcome really of a very masterful nature, have roused a determined bitter opposition which will, of course, beat him in the end. This masterfulness is the keynote of his character, the secret possibly of his success. It has been greatly fostered by the independent position he has long occupied, for within his own department he is practically uncontrolled. He owes allegiance to the Khedive of course; is under the orders of the Egyptian War Minister; is junior in rank to Sir Francis Grenfell, and he feels always the guiding hand of the real master of Egypt, Lord Cromer. All these checks sit lightly upon him, however, and within the Egyptian army he is undisputed chief, holding the whole business in the hollow of his hand. To realise this it is enough to see him with his officers, every one of whom looks to him and depends upon him entirely for praise or blame, fate and future, accepting his fiat implicitly and without a moment's hesitation. He can do as he pleases with them; send them here or there, appoint them to the staff, to a "gippy" or black Soudanese battalion, can detail them for duty at Suakim, Kassala, or the farthest outpost to the front. He can reward good service, too, instantly, and has promoted men upon the field, then and there, after the fight was done.

Again, in all matters of drill, discipline, equipment, or general organisation in the Egyptian army he has long been supreme, exercising in this respect, powers almost unique and seldom enjoyed by other British officers. It must be honestly conceded that he has generally acted with great judgment, and for the good of his service. He has no fear of responsibility, has a great grip of the subjects that most concern and interest him, and the same self-reliance already mentioned shows palpably in the incisiveness of his talk and his clearly enunciated opinions. As a soldier and a leader of men he has still to earn full approval; it is not certain that he can handle troops with the skill of a great tactician, and in the first phases of the present campaign he was, no doubt, greatly indebted to his lieutenants—to such men as Hunter and Macdonald. But he has marked organising power, and is a noted financier, a strict economist who has made both ends meet with very narrow means. Shortness of cash has been an ever-present annoyance in these operations, and it is the cause now of the hardships which his men are enduring at the front: the scarcity of food, the absence of any comforts, no blankets or tents. When the inner history of the campaign comes to be told it will be seen that Kitchener has fought a very uphill game with great patience and determination. All last year he was largely handicapped in pushing forward the railways upon which his communications mainly depend. He invariably sought to buy in the cheapest market, but could not always succeed for want of money, while his contracts at home could never be easily filled, for the competition as regards demands and supply of railway plant was just then intense. Yet, with indomitable energy, he got all he wanted to the front, and in time to complete his lines. It was the same with the gun-boats; some he begged off the War Office, others he bought as best he could. At this moment, although the two above Abu Hamed are reported aground, owing to the unusually low water in the Nile, he has three others in his building-yards at Wady Halfa nearly ready to be sent up by rail under the active supervision of Major Gordon, R.E., the great Charles Gordon's nephew.

Kitchener's somewhat remarkable record is already well known. A love of distant adventure took him first to the Holy Land, where he helped Major Conder in exploration and survey, gaining then his earliest acquaintance with the East. A facile linguist, his ready mastery of Arabic soon decided his career in life, and he presently found himself well suited with employment in Egypt. There he was long utilised in dealing with the desert tribes, and it is said of him that he was never so happy as in an Arab tent surrounded by friendlies, under a blazing sun, with his eyes full of ilies. If he wins successfully through the present crisis, the most serious in which he has been concerned, he will get his reward as one who has followed out his bent and bias with much singleness of purpose and unwearied resolution.

The Home Secretary has quashed the sentence of five years' penal servitude on a young man named Spriggs for an attack on a lady near Rhyll. Mr. Spriggs was identified by witnesses for the prosecution chiefly by means of a photograph. On the other hand, a dozen witnesses of unimpeachable character swore that when he was supposed to be at Rhyll, he was hundreds of miles away in his parents' house at Forest Gate. Mr. Justice Grantham said this *alibi* was "too artistic," and the jury found the accused guilty; but the inquiries made by the Home Secretary showed this to have been a miscarriage of justice. It is amazing that such an error should have been committed both by Judge and jury; but the promptitude with which it has been repaired may be commended to our neighbours in France.

## CHESS.

G C (Harwood, Blackburn).—"Chess," by L. Hoffer, published by G Routledge and Co. We are not sure of the price, but it is not expensive. W S B (Sunbury).—Not having a file of the column at hand, we should be glad if you can send us a diagram of the position.

BETA (Amesbury).—We certainly do not understand your letter, for if you refer to the game played between Messrs. Fried and Schlechter, there is no need of any fifteenth move, as Black mates on his fourteenth, and a very elegant mate it is.

E J S (Clapton).—The amended solution did not reach our hands till the following week.

G R DOWNER (Chichester).—(1) Some of the Scotch papers, like the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, would probably meet your requirements. (2) Anderson's (3rd edition) "Game of Draughts," published by R McCulloch, 300, Cathcart Road, Glasgow.

C E P (Kensington).—It is in gracious letters like yours the patient Chess Editor finds his compensation.

OTTO SCHMIDT (Berlin).—We thank you for your frank admission with regard to No. 2801.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from G Angus Douglas, H W Wagstaff, H Grey, F R Jones, H D O Bernard, and W Biddle.

F LARRY.—Send along the problem by all means.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2792 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 2797 from C A M (Penang); of No. 2798 from Thomas Devlin (Arcata, Cal.); of No. 2801 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), M Hobhouse, and Otto Schmidt (Berlin); of No. 2802 from D Newton (Lisbon) and Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2803 from Jessie M Maclean (Hove), J D Tucker (Hikley), G Birnbach (Berlin), F R Gittins (Small Heath), H S Brandreth (Algiers), N J Cole, F J Candy (Norwood), R Worters (Canterbury), Professor Charles Wagner, D Newton (Lisbon), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

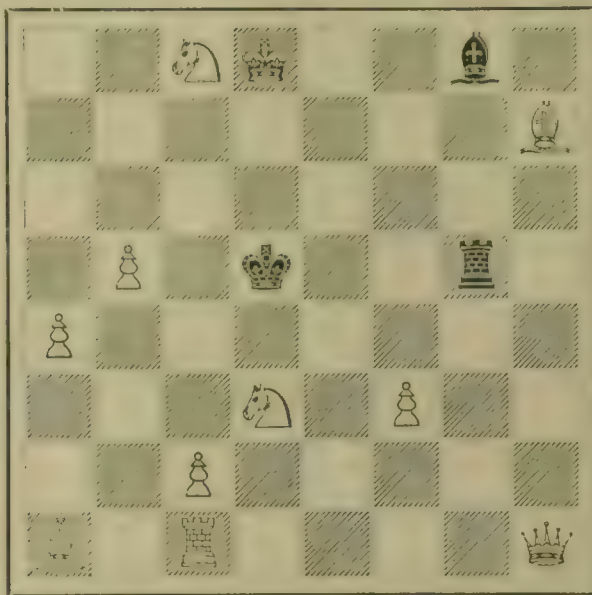
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2804 received from C E Perugini, C M A B, John G Lord (Castleton), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), J Bailey (Newark), Edith Corser (Reigate), C E M (Ayr), F Hooper (Putney), T G (Ware), Miss D Gregson (Grange-over-Sands), H Le Jeune, Ubique, H S Brandreth (Algiers), Meursius (Brussels), W F Payne, R Worters (Canterbury), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), F J Candy (Norwood), G T Hughes (Portsmouth), R H Brooks, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J D Tucker (Hikley), Sorrento, G Birnbach (Berlin), E B Ford (Cheltenham), W R B (Clifton), Joseph Willcock (Chester), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), G Hawkins (Camberwell), J Lake Ralph (Purley), T Roberts, R A Coombes (Crowthorne), M A Pyre (Folkestone), Captain Spencer, Shadforth, E Jacon, M Hobhouse, Thomas Harrington, Edward J Sharpe, Henry Orme (Bristol), Francis Barton (Egremont), L Desanges, Hermit, F S Taylor (Hunstanton), Marco Salem (Trieste), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Alpha, and C H Steel (Thirsk).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2803.—By W. A. CLARK.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to B sq. Any move  
2. Mates accordingly.

## PROBLEM No. 2806.—By W. B. MUIR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN LLANDUDNO.

(Game played at the Craigside Tournament between Messrs. A. BURN and J. OWEN.)

(Fianchetto Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Rev. J. O.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Rev. J. O.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd	13. Q R to Q sq	Kt to K B sq
This Fianchetto development in various forms has been greatly favoured by Black, and after forty years or more of chess he still adheres to it.			
2. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd	14. P to K 5th	P takes P
3. B to Q 3rd	P to K 3rd	15. Kt takes P	B to Q 3rd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. P to K B 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd
5. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to K 2nd	17. R to K B sq	Kt to Q 4th
6. Castles	Castles	18. Kt to K 4th	B to K 2nd
7. R to K sq	P to Q 3rd	19. R to K B 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd
P to Q 4th, with a view of Kt to K 5th is worthy of notice.			
8. Kt to K B sq	Q Kt to Q 2nd	Black's last few moves have been absolutely pointless, and this gives White a splendid opportunity of bringing off a fine finish.	
9. Kt to Kt 3rd		20. Kt takes K B P	K takes Kt
White is now secure as to his centre, and can quietly wait his chance, which soon comes.			
9.	P to Q B 4th	21. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq
10. P to Q B 3rd	Q to Q B 2nd	22. Q takes P (ch)	K to R sq
11. B to Q 2nd	Q R to Q sq	23. Kt to B 7th (ch)	K to Kt sq
12. Q to K 2nd	K R to K sq	24. Kt to R 6th (ch)	K to R sq
		25. Q to Kt 8th (ch)	R takes Q
		26. Kt mates.	

Another game in the same tourney between Messrs. GUNSTON and BELLINGHAM.  
(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	20. P takes P	K to R sq
2. Q to K 2nd	P to K B 4th	To capture the Pawn at once appears to give White an attack which naturally Black wants to start for himself.	
3. P to K Kt 3rd	B to K 2nd	21. Q R to K sq	R to K Kt sq
4. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. K to R sq	B to B 3rd
5. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th	23. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to K 4th
6. P to K B 4th		24. B to K 4th	K B to R 5th
White's failure, later, is apparently due to this exposing his position. P to Q 3rd is better.			
6.	P to Q 5th	25. Q to B 4th	B takes R
7. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	26. R takes B	
8. Kt to Q R 3rd	Castles	White may have relied upon Q takes Kt (ch), but the reply would then be P to B 3rd. The game now goes rapidly to the bad, Black playing a few elegant strokes, notably his 26th move.	
9. P to B 4th	B to Q 2nd	27. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
10. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	28. Kt to R 4th	Kt to Kt 5th
11. Castles	Kt to K sq	29. Q to Q 2nd	Q to R 4th
12. B to Q 2nd	R to Kt sq	30. Q to K 2nd	Q R to K sq
13. P to K Kt 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	31. R to K Kt sq	R takes B
14. P to B 5th	K P takes P	32. P takes R	P to Q 6th
15. K P takes P	Kt to Kt 2nd	33. Q to B 3rd	B to B 3rd
16. B to B 4th	R to B sq	34. R to K B sq	Black wins.
17. B to R 6th	R to K sq		
18. Q to K B 2nd	P takes P		
19. B takes Kt	K takes B		

The Llandudno Tournament resulted in Mr. Burn taking the first prize, being followed by Mr. Bellingham and Mr. E. O. Jones. In the second division Mr. Clissold won the first place, and in the handicap Messrs. Burn and Bellingham tied in one section, and Messrs. E. O. Jones and Stewart in the other.

In the championship of the City of London contest, the lead is at present held by Messrs. Serailleur, Ward, and Trenchard, in the order named.

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

There is a Providence for journalists as for children and drunkards, and he warns me to give the subject of the latest phases of the "Dreyfus affair" a wide berth in these columns. Of course, I am going to obey—implicitly, and not in the semi-refractory manner of the Scotch minister who, having heard an objectionable song on passing the public-house, felt inclined to repeat it from the pulpit on the following Sunday with comments, but who on second thoughts decided that his clerk should whistle it to his congregation. In this instance, I could have produced two clerks, reputedly the two best whistlers in the Chamber, who each would have treated the reader to the most recent concert piece of the Third Republic on "The Honour of the Army," with variations absolutely his own.

I am alluding to M. le Comte de Mun and to M. Jaurès, respectively the foremost champions of the Clerical and Socialist parties at the Palais Bourbon. I am not exaggerating in voting them the best speakers; it is a fact admitted alike by foes and friends. When during some important debate, M. Brisson rings his bell and adds that "la parole est à M. Jaurès," the House, however fagged, raises its head, the conversations cease as if by magic, and when the squat, inelegant figure of M. Jaurès mounts the steps of the rostrum, there is a distinctly audible rustling of silks—for on great field days there are many women present—a faint sound as of the gliding of feet, people settle themselves more comfortably in order to listen with attention. I have heard similar sounds at great premières, and in the House of Commons, or at the "Institute" at the *entrée* of some great actress, or at the rising of some "master of debate"; it is the unspoken grace before intellectual meat. The good dishes are forthcoming very soon. M. Jaurès possesses most of the secrets of the culinary-oratorical art. I do not think that he trusts to inspiration; in fact, I feel certain he does not, for one day, when twitted to that effect, he replied: "I have too much respect for the Chamber not to prepare carefully what I am going to say to it."

Clémenceau, whose successor M. Jaurès is supposed to be, *did* trust to his inspiration, but the erstwhile member for the "Var" was only good at short distances. At any rate, I have never heard him make a speech of longer duration than a quarter of an hour. His style is to that of M. Jaurès as a flash of forked lightning to a prolonged rumbling of thunder. Physically he is also different from M. Jaurès. If the latter would let his hair grow, and by some artificial means could add a few inches to his stature, he would convey the impression of a Hun; but for the nose on Clémenceau's face—an extraordinary nose—he might pass for a Mongolian, or a Mongoloid-American would, perhaps, be the better term. His rhetoric, either in attack or defence, was wielded like a tomahawk: he scalped his adversary in the twinkling of an eye.

M. Jaurès is not so quick, though by no means slow, but he uses a dissecting-knife. He is very sober of gesture. If, in fact, the ancients were right in saying that "action is the principal faculty of the orator," then he is somewhat disappointing, unless one sees and hears him on his absolutely own ground—i.e., at some big Socialistic meeting at Belleville or Montmartre. On such occasions his head emerges more freely from his shoulders, he does not blink his eyes as he does at the Quai d'Orsay, he freely waves his arms, instead of using one with the index of the hand pointed downward. His voice also becomes less harsh and guttural, although it ought to be said that even in the Chamber, which is by no means acoustically perfect, it never fails to reach the top-most gallery. Nevertheless, unlike his rival, M. Jaurès will never be "beau à la tribune."

M. le Comte Albert de Mun unconsciously reminds one of the late Cardinal Howard. Like the latter, M. de Mun was a guardsman, and although he has not taken orders, one concludes that he ought to have done so. Gambetta did not always strike justly, but he did in M. de Mun's case in the debate on M. de Mun's election at Pontivy years ago, when he beat the Abbé Cadoret. "The one is a priest," said Gambetta, "the other ought to be." His military chiefs, when M. de Mun was still a cuirassier, appear to have been of the same opinion. In spite of his robust health, his magnificent stature, his very strict attention to duty, he was somewhat too mystically religious for a horse-trooper. Had M. de Mun been in the infantry or a sailor, this mysticism would have been forgiven him, but in a cavalry regiment it felt somewhat like a Mechlin lace insertion in a bass doormat. He never went to the café; he never failed to read his Bible—in short, he was not unlike a Polyeucte, and a Polyeucte on horseback is a strange phenomenon in the French army. I fancy his chiefs, though respecting him thoroughly, were not sorry when he went, and then his most zealous friends took him by the hand and pushed, rather than led him into the political arena. I am confident they were right, for, apart from some errors of judgment, M. de Mun will probably do more good than harm there. I am not bound to give my opinion on his latest movement in connection with M. Zola's letter, which movement, I suspect, was not altogether determined by a concern for the army's welfare; but M. de Mun is not out of place in an assembly where some of the highest aristocracy were, until lately, partly represented by M. Douville-Maillefeu (deceased), who had become the House's Jester-in-Ordinary.

And now that the reader knows something about the two men who, within the next week or so, will be the foremost commentators on M. Zola's action, they had better follow the account of their doings in the daily papers. Their doing so will supply them with a fair idea of what this boasted Third Republic is really like in its moral and mental essence. I am precluded from saying more; but I do not pledge myself not to give a hint as matters proceed.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Any information which may serve to protect us against the attack of insidious, and possibly fatal, disease must be regarded as of the highest importance to a civilised community. My readers will remember that on more than one occasion I have referred to the difficulty of accounting for infection by typhoid fever in cases in which the ordinary mode of conveyance to us—by polluted water or milk—was apparently unrepresented. I quoted French cases to show that infection might arise from typhoid bacilli in a dead state mingling with the dust of floors, and it has always seemed to me that the possibilities of aerial infection from this scourge have been unduly minimised by sanitarians. There are undoubtedly cases in which infection, to all appearances, could not have been carried, save by the air, and it is therefore to our health's interest that we should be able to chronicle instances of outbreaks wherein the common mode of germ-conveyance by water or milk will not serve to explain the attack.

At a recent meeting of the Bradford Medico-Chirurgical Society, Mr. Godfrey Carter read a paper on a limited outbreak of typhoid fever occurring in Leeds in August and September 1897. Some thirty-two cases occurred in three streets of small cottage-dwellings. The houses in question were situated in a shallow valley. Mr. Carter tells us that few of the tenants had been from home previous to the attack, and that the probabilities of the disease having been brought from an outside source were therefore small. The sanitation of the cottages was defective. Thirty-five per cent. of them showed bad drains, and the abominable midden system was also represented in their surroundings. The milk in 41·6 per cent. of the families which had cases of fever came from one of two brothers, who, while possessing each his own source of wholesale supply, occasionally assisted one another when a special demand arose. Now while the farm milk-supply was itself free from the typhoid bacillus, of four samples (two from each of the two farms supplying the brothers) examined, one showed the presence of the germ, but this result was found after the sample in question had been stored in the milkman's cellar. The neighbour-sample had not been taken inside his house, and therefore presumably had had no chance of contamination.

Whence did the sample in question derive its typhoid infection? Mr. Carter supplies the answer to this question. The milkman's cellar, he says, had a sink which was separated from the sewers of the city by an imperfect trap, and the drain under the cellar leaked at every joint. In this nest of filth, the milk supplies had been stored before being sent out. It was kept in open pans, on a stone bench three or four feet high. In the neighbourhood of the dairy, moreover, typhoid fever had occurred with contamination of the drains. Empty milk-cans, it is added, were also kept in the cellar. Now, here is a case in which the likely hypothesis

of infection is aerial infection of the milk stored in this pest-house of a cellar. We have all the conditions for such infection presented in Mr. Carter's interesting story. Typhoid matter is in the drains, the drains leak, the sewage gases escape and flood the atmosphere of the cellar, the typhoid germs or their spores, or both, pass into the air with the gases, the milk is ready for them, they infect it, breed and multiply in it, and convey the fever to a proportion of those who drink it.

I fail to see any necessary break in this chain of reasoning or in the sequence of circumstances Mr. Carter

Dr. Jackson discusses the interesting question why a dreamer who wishes to move his muscles is mostly unable to do so. Everybody knows the horrible sense of want of power to move the muscles in dreaming. Someone is going to murder you, and you are powerless either to flee from your adversary or to defend yourself. Dr. Jackson finds an explanation of this curious feature of dreaming in a suggestion of Mr. Spencer's—namely, that it is groups of small muscles, and not the larger ones of the body, which respond readily to the orders and stimuli of the brain-centres which are active in dreaming. If Dr. Jackson's explanation be

correct, it will serve to explain our dream-vagaries: for the centres which are occupied in constructing the dream, being higher than those which rule the larger muscles, are more concerned with the dream itself (that is, with mental action) than with regulating movements. They cannot, therefore, bring the lower and muscular centres into play, unless in a case of somnambulism or when, in some vigorous attempt to kick or fight in the course of his dream, the sleeper awakes.

The old question, "Is sleep ever dreamless?" is also revived by Dr. Jackson's paper. He quotes Hamilton, Kant, Leibnitz, and Jouffroy as authorities who maintained that all sleep was accompanied by dreaming. The sleep-walker, as a rule, remembers nothing of his doings when he awakens, and it might be urged that this fact militated against the theory above noted. But, as Dr. Jackson shows, to say that there is no dream in somnambulism is "to say more than one can know." In this case it may well be, as it often is in the case of ordinary sleep, that there is simply a lapse of memory concerning anything which our brain has formulated in the way of an actual dream.

## GOLDEN KLONDIKE.

The source and secret of Klondike's wealth has been discovered, according to telegrams from Seattle, by Frank Slavin, the ex-pugilist, and a couple of other miners. These three adventurers, it seems, have alighted on what is supposed to be the mother lode of the Yukon gold-fields in a quartz vein, many miles in length, containing great quantities of ore corresponding in quality with that of South-East Alaska.

The same despatches which have brought the news of Mr. Slavin's good fortune have, unhappily, included a bad account of another well-known man, Mr. Joaquin Miller, the poet, who has been lying in a very dangerous condition at Dawson City, from the effects of the blizzard in which he all but lost his life on the way thither. Klondike itself seems to have reached quite an advanced stage of civilisation before the spring has far advanced. The latest luxury added to its growing list is a type-writing office, for which a "Remington" has just been ordered. Continuing our series of views of the British Columbian gold districts, we publish this week a scene on the Cariboo Road, the main route through the district of Cariboo on either side of the head-waters of the Fraser River, a country which includes important gold-fields.



THE BRITISH COLUMBIAN GOLD-FIELDS: THE CARIBOO ROAD, NEAR CHAPMAN'S BAR, UPPER FRASER RIVER.

Drawn by Edward Roper.

has chronicled. We may want evidence as to the probability of the escape of typhoid bacilli or spores from a drain into the air, or regarding the manner in which these microscopic particles find their way into the atmosphere, but there is no *a priori* reason why they may not do so, or why sewer-air may not convey them. Another lesson, this, at least regarding the necessity for keeping all our foods, and milk especially, in pure surroundings; and yet another lesson, which teaches us that the sanitary inspection of property in our big centres leaves much—very much—to be desired.

Anything which Dr. Hughlings Jackson has to say respecting the work of the nervous system in health or disease is certain to be not only well worth reading, but worth remembering. In a paper lately published,





THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: CAMPING IN THE KHYBER PASS.

*Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.*



Sapri Pass.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: VIEW OF THE TOR GHAR RANGE, FROM FORT BARA, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE SAPRI (GHUZDARRA) PASS.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. H. HART, C.R.E., 1ST DIVISION, TIRAH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

*The top of the Pass (which was crossed by the troops of the 1st Division under General Symons on Dec. 12 to 14) is distant about sixteen miles as the crow flies, and is 5100 feet above sea-level. It is believed that this route has never previously been traversed by any European.*



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Photo Lascelles.

VIEWS OF KENSINGTON PALACE, THE STATE ROOMS OF WHICH ARE, BY THE QUEEN'S COMMAND, TO BE RESTORED AND THROWN OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.





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FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. HORANG.

*This picture represents a common scene on one of the numerous lakes of the O'erspre, near Berlin. Considerable skill is necessary for balancing oneself on the little sledges, which are propelled by the aid of two long sticks shod with pointed iron; but the speed attained is almost incredible. Races are frequent, and, as may be imagined, "spills" are of common occurrence, especially at the finish.*



# INSOMNIA

speedily wrecks both Brain and Body. Sleep is food for the overstrung nerves and tired muscles, but the irritating reactionary effects of Alcohol and Narcotics prohibit their general use.

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## LADIES' PAGES.

## DRESS.

It is to be doubted if among the many changes of this changeable reign any other evolution of mind or matter has been so complete as that which applies to the sex from the millinery point of view. It is not more than forty years since white cotton stockings and one-buttoned gloves kept time to crinoline, poke-bonnets, and shapeless hand-stitched dresses. Centuries of civilisation in chiffons have elapsed since then nevertheless, and the latest product of up-to-date completeness, from the crown of her *ondulé* locks to the tip of her pedicured extremities, is as far removed from her sloping-shouldered, ringletted, Berlin-wool-working old maiden aunt of the middle 'fifties as Mexico from Mayfair. Leech and Cruikshank would be hard put to it for sartorial comicalities nowadays, for we have added a sense of fitness to our long roll-call of virtues, and go very becomingly if not very bravely abroad. It is just on this latter point, however, that I am constrained to be somewhat discursive at the moment, seeing that a very great authority on the art of clothes gave as an opinion some days since that whenever she returned to England from abroad, the women struck her afresh as being dowdy and "tailor-made or nothing." As applied to our better classes in this year of grace, the assertion is largely a libel, but there is still a percentage of the frumpish element afloat among the great middle classes, which, by the application of some colour and more contrivance, might be rendered a most personable quantity. That we are approaching a millinery millennium is apparent by the facts of any crowd save, perhaps, a Trafalgar Square one; but we still lack the graceful daring which enables a Frenchwoman to put a peach-coloured yoke on a bright cherry-coloured gown and wear it with ease and elegance. Perhaps in St. Petersburg, more than in most other capitals, the passion of fashion among the *hoi polloi* reaches its white heat, unlimited roubles being a wonderful incentive to the Gallic invention. One of the most curious and costly opera-wraps ever made probably is, by the way, now on its way to the Russian capital to make part of a notable trousseau; the background of rich black satin being embroidered with posies of flowers, pansies, rosebuds, lilies-of-the-valley, and forget-me-nots, all sewn in real jewels in appropriate tints—amethyst, pink, topaz, pearls, turquoise. A flounce of point de Venise is gathered on at both sides of the white satin front, which is also embroidered with flowers worked in white velvet and silver cord. The cloak is made long at the back to cover a trained skirt. The under-linen in this trousseau is all made of silk cambric, embroidered in fine Russian cross-stitch.

Apropos of linens, the opportunity now being offered by Walpole Brothers, of 89, New Bond Street, for replenishing the dower-chest should be well understood of the hausfrau, seeing that from 35 to 50 per cent. reduction has been made in all their departments. Daintily embroidered handkerchiefs of clear cambric at ten shillings a dozen and



A ROMAN SATIN TEA-GOWN.

upwards suggest themselves as inexpensive and acceptable presents, while others variously of plain, hemstitched linen are really being sold at absurdly low prices, an observation which no less applies to those on more elaborate lace-edged lines for evening. Damask tablecloths and napkins from the

famous looms of Northern Hibernia; linen sheets and pillow-covers, with embroidered and "drawn thread" intricacies beyond remembrance, tempt the housewifely purse to unburthen itself of cumbrous coin in exchange at all hazards. Also there are the blankets and Arctic down quilts of our satin-covered slumbers which are again brought down to figures that must seem wholly inadequate as compared with former purchases in this connection. The burning question of masculine linen even comes into this sale, and it would seem as if the divorces and dissensions to which the shirt and collar have been immemorially parents should be laid at last, considering the opposing virtues of low price and high excellence which Messrs. Walpole have blended in both.

I have, in fact, come to the conclusion that in all matters of local production, from Belfast linen to York hams, it is best to go to the fountain-head or its well-accredited representative. Only then can we be sure of really getting what we often unreally buy, and there will be no more palming off of plebeian porkers under the style and title of Limerick bacon, as the prosecutors in a lately tried case movingly contended. Walpole Brothers are retailers of Irish linen pure and simple, and have been so since the middle of last century.

To appreciate the true outwardness of Roman satin one should see it in a tea-gown. No other garment displays its stately folds and shining texture to such advantage. To prove, moreover, its excellent parts this five o'clock attire has been designed, which in the dull rose of pink terracotta makes most ineffable effect with its full front of fancy-striped black and white silk gauze, on which silver and jet paillettes are laid in glittering lines to heighten the effect; the bolero and upper sleeves are treated to match. Narrow black gimp outlines the gauze, and a jewelled buckle holds it at the waist. Only the very best Roman satin should be employed.

Although the murky atmosphere of this best of all possible Londons is not actively sympathetic to white feathers in January, yet they continue to deck the sides of our tip-tilted toques in the approved manner of our Illustration. Jewelled crowns of variously coloured velvets, eked out with sable edges and a well-placed fragment of lace, are the component parts of a very becoming style. This particular offspring of millinery genius is in palest lettuce-green mirror velvet, embroidered in black and steel to contrast cunningly with the tones in this dress of pale pearl-grey faced cloth, which is to flourish its attractions at Monte Carlo next week. The bodice, most engagingly worked in black embroidery and edged with braid, pouches slightly, and is tied in at waist with black satin ribbon. The guipure lace collar is laid over lettuce-green velvet, and spangled to match toque.

Lately an unknown but charmingly frank correspondent wrote plaintively for suggestions in such colours as "a muddy-complexioned woman might wear." I first prescribed bicycling, next frequent face massage, and after that a course

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of well-made black and white frocks, and still more black and white varied by occasional and very judicious grey. She has since reported herself an exceedingly good-looking woman, and wishes to erect me a statue. I am therefore emboldened to give the prescription to all drab-coloured persons whom it may concern. SYBIL.

## NOTES.

Princess Louise has nearly completed an important piece of sculpture. It is the figure of an angel in statuary marble, designed to find a place upon the altar of the Battenberg Memorial Chapel which the Queen and her widowed daughter are erecting in Whippingham Church. Princess Beatrice, besides placing the chapel and monument, has recently commemorated her loss in another way: she has issued in Germany a work, written in the German language, and consisting of passages of Scripture, extracts from theological writers, and some original reflections, all designed to be of comfort to mourners. The choice of the German is evidently a tender reminiscence of her husband's ordinary speech. The burden of the whole little work is resignation and submission to the will of God—what else, indeed, can be offered as consolatory in such a case? The most unconvincing of the chapters of Jeremy Taylor (whose magnificent English and original wit ought to secure a reading from every cultivated person, apart from his theological views) has always seemed to me the one "On the Deaths of Children." Even his brilliant special pleading, interesting and beautiful though it be, really can find nothing to say in the face of an irreparable and heart-breaking loss like that save counsels of simple endurance, with the hope for a future life that faith affords.

Lady Henry Somerset has definitely resigned the Presidency of the British Women's Temperance Association. Her health is given as the reason, but the post involves no more personal work than the holder is able and willing to give. The resignation was coincident with the issue of a document that has been some time in preparation, headed "A Call to Duty," and signed by thirty leading members of the Association, including some "Superintendents of Departments," as those who are chosen for the leadership of various branches of the organisation are called. The duty referred to is set forth plainly—"We must decline next May to re-elect Lady Henry Somerset as our President," and the reason is given without any circumlocution—it is because "no woman, however able and eminent, who has advocated measures for regulating vice can fitly preside over a great organisation of women bound together for moral ends." Besides this document, a resolution has been passed by one of the most important branches of the Association—the Manchester Union—remonstrating against the President's position, and threatening to take further action. Thus an influential opposition was organising against her re-election in May, and at the best she could but have remained President of the least serious section, the other class leaving the society. The fact is that Lady Henry,



A GREY CLOTH GOWN, BRAIDED WITH BLACK.

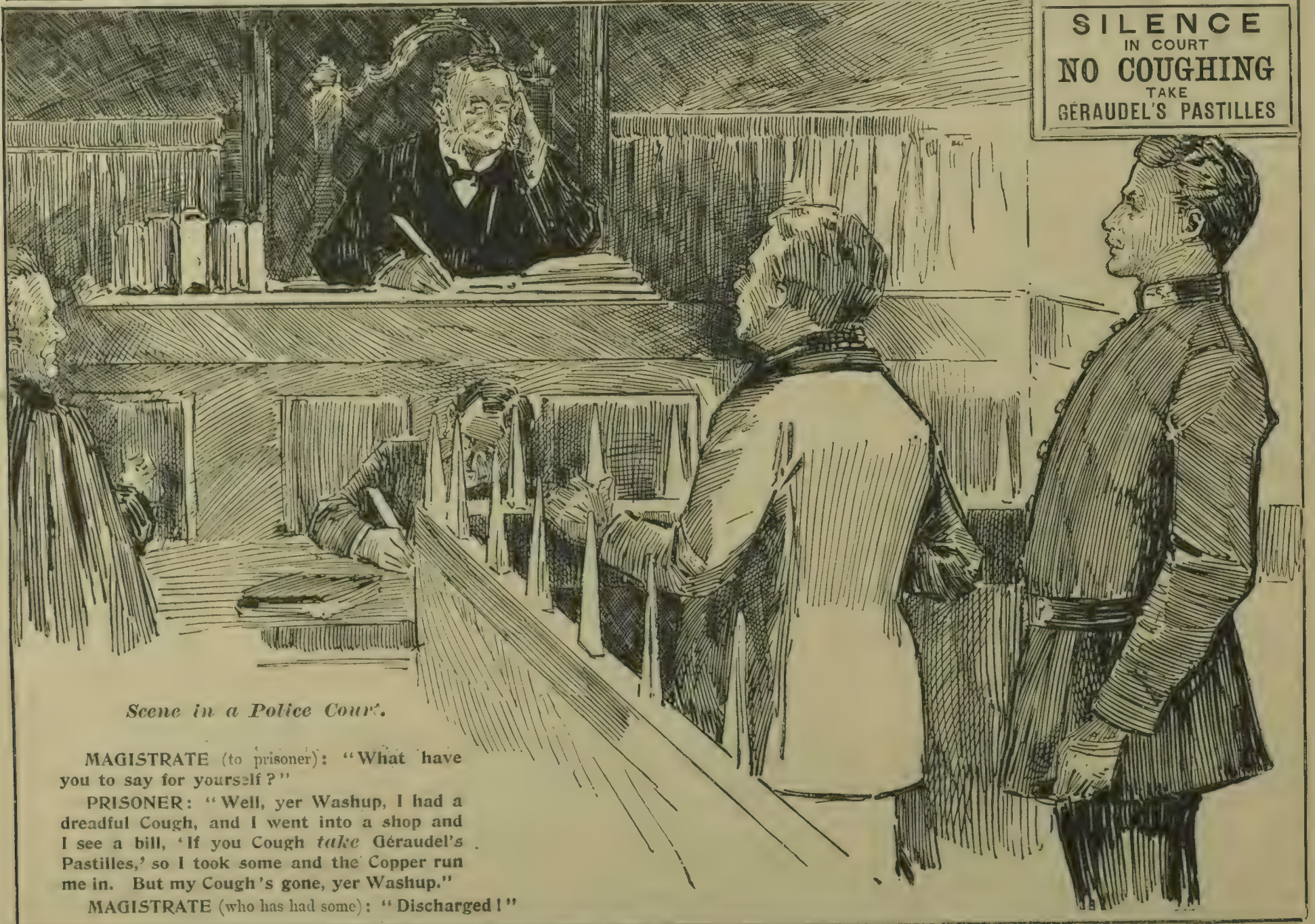
for all her influence, has not been able to carry the Association with her in her approval of the new Indian Army health regulations. She must have much misunderstood the members to have supposed that she could so lead them. This is not the place to discuss her views, but, right or wrong, they are alien to the spirit of the women she worked with. What is understood by the Puritan spirit is strongly prevalent among them, and it was impossible that she should carry them with her on

this question or retain her authority among them after breaking away from them on such a point.

Among the many women's clubs of the day, there was a gap yet unfilled, and the Hon. Coralie Glyn has undertaken to fill it. She is founding a Sunday Club only, which is intended for the benefit of the large class of women who work, as governesses, typewriters, Board School teachers, shopwomen, and so on, all day long on every other day of the week, and yet have nowhere but comfortless lodgings in which to spend the day of rest, or the intervals of church time. Miss Glyn has secured the use of rooms at the College for Men and Women in Queen Square, which she will have open from eleven in the morning till nine at night (the latter hour is surely too early), and there she will provide a dining-room, with simple meals at moderate prices, a sitting-room, where conversation may be carried on, and a silence-room for reading and writing. As the club is only open on the one day weekly, she believes that a subscription of five shillings a year will cover expenses. It will probably prove to be a most popular enterprise. Girls under sixteen are excluded.

Mrs. McKinley, wife of the American President, contributed a pair of bed-room slippers worked by herself to a charity bazaar the other day, and accompanied them with a note stating that she had already made and given away 3600 similar pairs for a like purpose. She is an invalid and cannot go into society.

An interesting article on the "Higher Education of Women in Russia" appears in the *Fortnightly* from the pen of Madame Kropotkin. She says that institutions for this purpose were established in what we are apt to suppose to be the backward country of Russia some years earlier than our own Girton was founded, and far earlier than the Lycées of France; while Germany to this day makes no equivalent provision for her daughters. The Russian institutes were a part of the great intellectual uprising that followed the Crimean War. In 1857 the first Woman's Gymnasium (for the intellect) was opened. It was, however, before the public mind was really ready for it; though similar high schools sprang up at once all over the country, it was only for all, speaking broadly, to be suppressed in the course of the next five years. Ten years later, however, classes were reopened successfully. Medical education was then established, and remained open for a long time, the great argument for it being the usefulness of women practitioners in distant country districts. In 1886 there were four Russian Universities offering full education to women, and a special medical school also. But then another reaction came, medical classes were closed to women by the late Emperor, and the conditions of study were made so hard that Swiss and Paris Universities were crowded with the Russian women excluded from their own country's schools. The influence of the present Czarina, the enlightened daughter of our Princess Alice, has already reopened a certain degree of medical instruction, and her Majesty is expected to accomplish more for her sisters and subjects by degrees. F. F.-M.



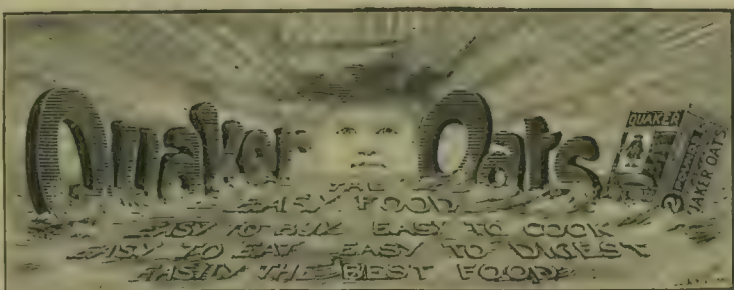
Scene in a Police Court.

MAGISTRATE (to prisoner): "What have you to say for yourself?"

PRISONER: "Well, yer Washup, I had a dreadful Cough, and I went into a shop and I see a bill, 'If you Cough take Géraudel's Pastilles,' so I took some and the Copper run me in. But my Cough's gone, yer Washup."

MAGISTRATE (who has had some): "Discharged!"





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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 6, 1895), with two codicils (dated May 26 and Aug. 28, 1897), of Sir Henry Doulton, of Lambeth, 10, Queen's Gate Gardens, and Woolpit, Ewhurst, Surrey, J.P., one of her Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London, who died on Nov. 17, was proved on Jan. 7 by Henry Lewis Doulton, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £309,483. The testator bequeaths £200 to the Lambeth Pension Society, and £100 to the Pottery and Glass Trades Benevolent Institution, of which he was President. He gives his mansion house Woolpit and all the land and hereditaments held therewith, his leasehold house Magalce, in the parish of Ewhurst, and all his live and dead farming stock, utensils, cattle, and horses used for farming purposes, to his said son; his furniture, books, pictures, works of art, household effects, horses and carriages at Queen's Gate Gardens and Woolpit to be divided between his three children; and considerable legacies to relatives, domestic servants, and others. He states that as his son and partner fully shares his opinions of the services of their managers, clerks, and workpeople, he does not make any bequest to them. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as to one half for his daughter Sarah Lilian Hooper, and as to the other half for his daughter Katherine Duncan Doulton.

The will (dated May 19, 1881), with four codicils (dated Sept. 15, 1892, March 12, 1895, and June 4 and Oct. 2,

1897), of Mr. Edward Sampson, J.P., D.L., of Henbury, Gloucester, who died on Oct. 13, was proved at the Bristol District Registry on Dec. 8 by Major-General Nowell FitzUpton Sampson Way, C.B., the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £107,214. The testator gives £100 each to the Rev. John Hugh Way and his wife Caroline Way; four £1000 debenture bonds of the Queensland Land and Investment Company to Mrs. Georgina Seinde Way; and a few small annuities to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his relative, General Nowell FitzUpton Sampson Way absolutely.

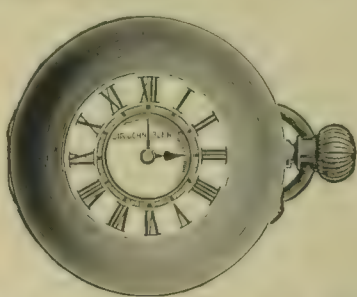
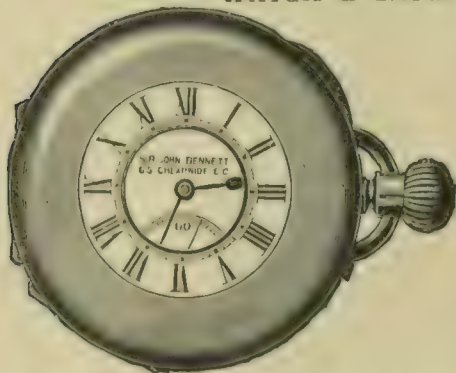
The will (dated Nov. 3, 1897) of Mr. George Crompton, of Stanton Hall, Derby, who died on Nov. 11, was proved at the Derby District Registry on Dec. 21 by George William Crompton, Charles Robert Crompton, and Edward Arthur Crompton, the sons, and John Farmer Thirlby, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £164,990. The testator bequeaths £1000, such of his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses as she may select, his leasehold premises, 4, Cambridge Place, Kensington, 50 shares in the Stanton Ironworks Company and 300 shares of the Crompton and Evans Union Bank, to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Crompton; 250 shares of the Stanton Ironworks Company each to his sons George William, Charles Robert, and Edward Arthur; 150 of such shares, upon trust, for his son Francis Gilbert; 200 shares of the Crompton and Evans

Union Bank each to his sons George William and Charles Robert; 450 of the bank shares to his son Edward Arthur; an annuity of £100 to his sister, Mary Ann Crompton; £100 to John Farmer Thirlby; and a few legacies to servants and others. All his debentures of the Stanton Ironworks Company are to be held, upon trust, to pay, during the life of Mrs. Crompton, £150 per annum each to his daughters, Alice Maud and Dorothy Mary, and the remainder of the income thereof to his wife. At her decease, the said debentures are to be held, upon trust, in equal shares, for his two daughters and their respective children. He devises certain lands and hereditaments in the counties of Leicester and Derby to his three sons, George William, Charles Robert, and Edward Arthur. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his four sons in equal shares.

The will (dated July 21, 1896) of Mr. William Kerby, of Wellington Road, Handsworth, Staffordshire, who died on July 24, was proved on Jan. 1 by William Kerby, the son, and Mrs. Charlotte Rainsford, the daughter, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £73,839. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £200 to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Kerby; his furniture, plate, and household effects, and an annuity of £600 to his son William; an annuity of £600 to his daughter Mrs. Rainsford; £1 per week each, for life, to his sisters Mrs. Jane Stewart, Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman, and Mrs. Maria Ostins, and 10s. per week to his brother Thomas Kerby. He gives

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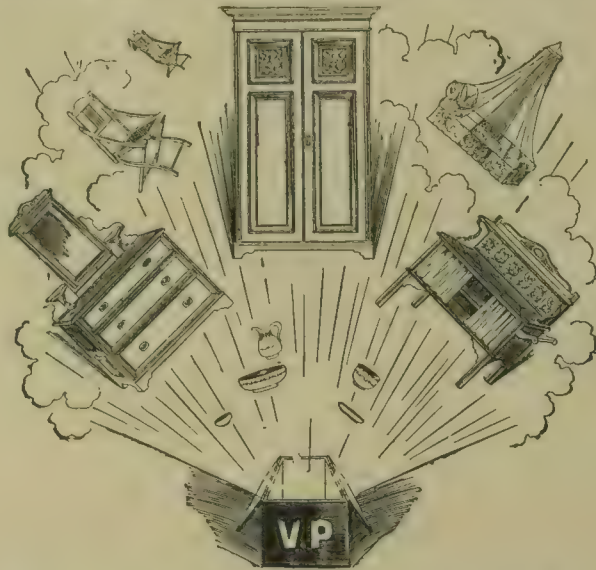
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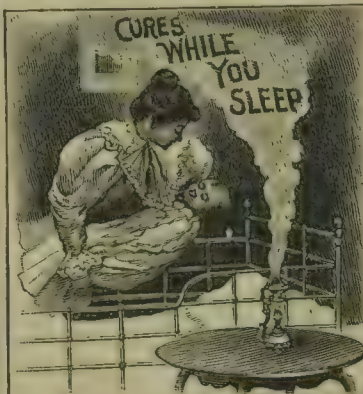
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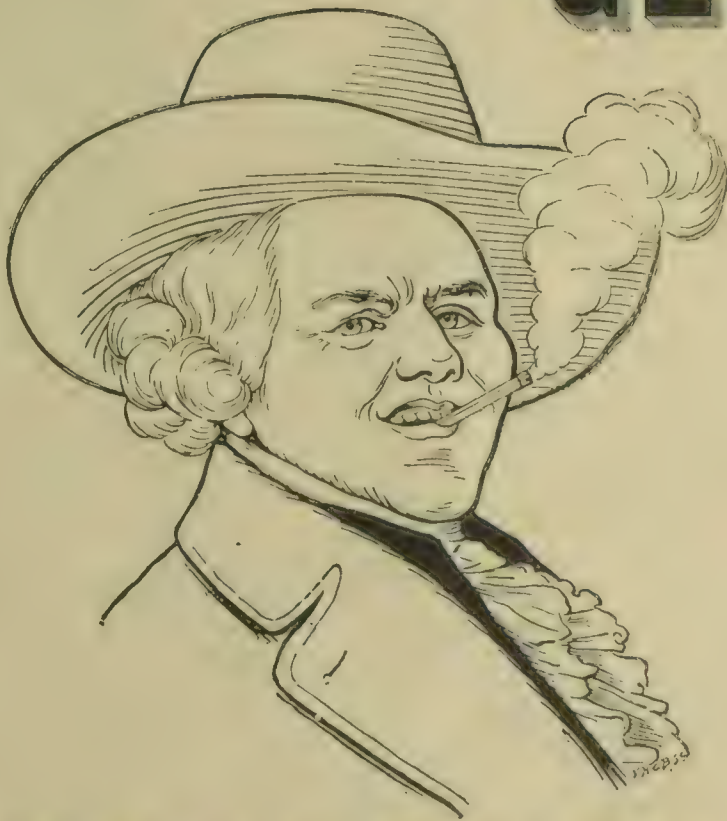
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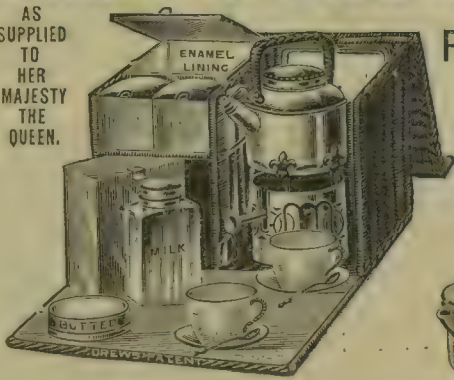
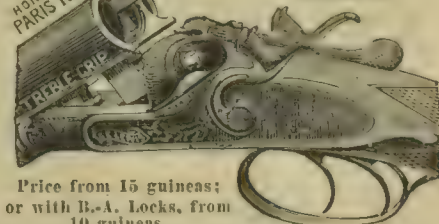
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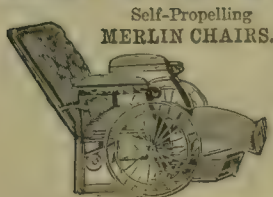
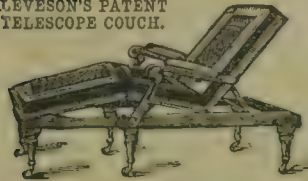
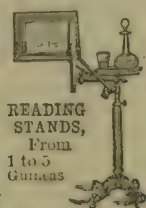
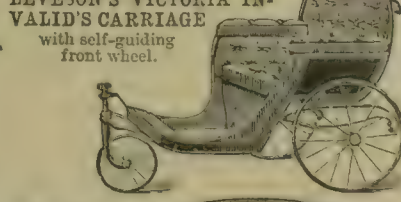
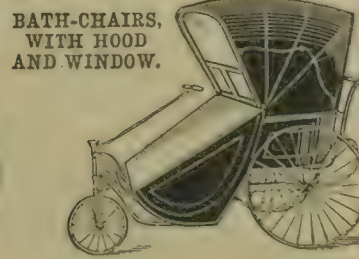
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and devises his fifty freehold and thirteen leasehold houses in Birmingham, upon trust, for his daughter, for life, and then to her children. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay one fourth of the income thereof each to his son and daughter, and the remaining two fourths, upon trust, for his grandson, Percy Kerby. On the decease of his son and daughter, their share of the capital and income is to go to their respective children. Subject as aforesaid, his residuary estate is to go to his grandchildren per stirpes as tenants-in-common.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1885), with a codicil (dated Oct. 17, 1888), of Mrs. Catherine Isabella Campbell, of 105, Eaton Square, and formerly of Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill, who died on Dec. 19, was proved on Jan. 11 by Captain Walter Douglas Somerset Campbell, the son, and Sir Kenneth Smith Mackenzie, Bart., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £24,652. The testatrix bequeaths her household furniture and effects and jewels to her son, and £100 per annum to her sister-in-law, Sarah Damaris Cole, for life. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves as to one sixth thereof each to the respective trustees of the marriage settlements of her daughters, Castalia Rosalind, Countess Granville, Eila Frederica, Lady Mackenzie, Mrs. Violet Catherine Hamilton West, and Mrs. Augusta Elizabeth Bromley, and the remaining two sixths to her son.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1897) of Mr. Richard Patrick Creagh, of 6, Somers Place, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 13, was proved on Jan. 11 by Mrs. Mary Margaret Creagh, the widow and executrix, the value of the personal



PRINCE BISMARCK'S NEW BATH-CHAIR.

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estate being £18,338. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated July 10, 1880), with two codicils (dated March 7, 1895, and Oct. 29, 1896), of General Sir Arthur James Herbert, K.C.B., of 24, Thurloe Square, who died on Nov. 24, was proved on Jan. 6 by Edward John Francis Tozer, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £8062. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife Dame Elizabeth Herbert, but should she die without making a will then all his property she may not have disposed of is to go to his stepdaughter Annie Russell Ferguson.

The will of Mrs. Rose Ethel Gow-Stewart, of 15, Sussex Square, Brighton, widow, who died on Oct. 17, has been proved by Major Percival Scrope Marling, V.C., and Arnold Summers Munns, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £9680.

The will and codicil of Mr. Thomas Westmorland, J.P., of Penrith, Cumberland, who died on March 5 last, were proved on Dec. 28 by Edward Westmorland, the son, and Walter Brimskill, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £2901.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of the Right Hon. Jane Countess of Cranbrook, of Hemsted Park, who died on Nov. 13 intestate, were granted on Jan. 4 to the Earl of Cranbrook, the husband, the value of the personal estate being £1059.

The will (dated July 11, 1892) of General William Harrison Askwith, R.A., of 119, St. George's Square,

## TO THE CONTINENT. Via **QUEENBORO' & FLUSHING.** ROYAL DUTCH MAIL.

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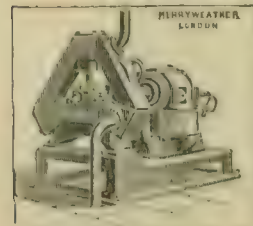
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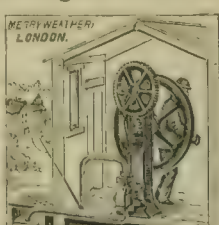
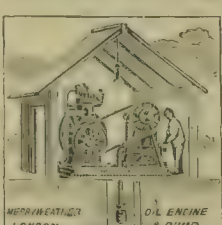
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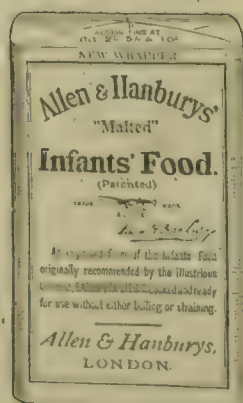
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Pimlico, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Jan. 8 by Mrs. Elizabeth Askwith, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £15,429. The testator leaves all his property to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will and two codicils of Lady Jane Charlotte Spedding, widow, of Mirehouse, Keswick, who died on Sept. 24, has been proved by Colonel the Hon. Walter John Stewart, the brother, and Miss Frances Ellen Spedding, the executrix, the value of the personal estate being £1336.

An extraordinary yarn comes from Rome about the eagerness of the Pope to see the Italian monarchy superseded by a Republic. The idea is that the Republic would be federal, and this would give the Pope a chance of recovering his temporal sovereignty over Rome. A more fantastic dream cannot be imagined. Italy is not likely to split up in order to establish a simulacrum of the old Papal States; and even if the monarchy were to fall, there is no reason to suppose that the Pope would have more secular authority under a Republic. He cannot be set on his throne again except by foreign bayonets, and what Catholic Power is likely to undertake this enterprise?

# ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The misunderstanding about the private letter written by the Dean of St. David's has been partially at least cleared up. The Dean did not say that the Bishop of St. Asaph was unfit for the office of Bishop. Writing privately to a friend, he said that the Bishop was unfit to be chairman at a meeting called to discuss openly his own conduct. The *Record* takes the side of the memorialists as against the Bishop, but the High Church papers emphatically support the other view.

A side chapel has been added to Brighton Parish Church, the porch being provided at the cost of the Vicar as a memorial to his father and predecessor, Dr. Hannah.

Two thousand pounds have been raised to build a church for the Anglican community at Smyrna, and another thousand is asked for.

The death is announced of Miss Jane Webb, who for many years was closely associated with Dr. West's work at Paddington. She had sole charge of vestments, holy vessels, and the sanctuary.

"Peter Lombard," in the *Church Times*, revives the criticism by Dickens on Millais' picture in the Royal Exhibition known by the name "Holy Family." Dickens, he says, was a Philistine if ever there was one in anything

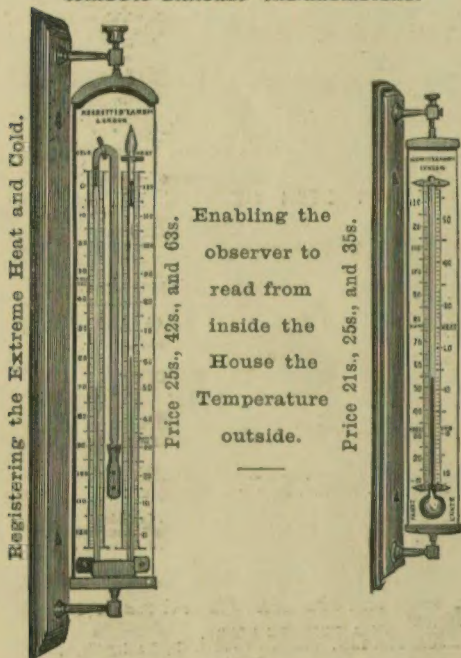
that did not pertain to his own art, and certainly the expressions quoted are "Philistine" enough. The mildest among them are "mean, odious, repulsive, and revolting." Millais was deeply hurt at the attacks made upon him, and Dickens afterwards repented. The two men ultimately became hearty friends.

Dr. Guinness Rogers, writing in his paper, says: "While I am a strong Liberal, I cannot at present find the Liberal Party to which I belong."

Two Congregational ministers write speaking in the warmest terms of the Countess of Warwick's zeal for religious liberty. One of them states that Lady Warwick most generously enfranchised recently a Congregational chapel at Great Easton, a parish of which one of her relatives is the Rector. A few years ago the Rector excluded in his distribution of gifts sent by the Countess certain attendants at the Nonconformist Mission Chapel. Upon being informed of what had been done, the Countess expressed strong disapproval of the Rector's action, and at once put the colporteur of evangelists' recommendation of needy persons on a par with those of the Rector.

The Primitive Methodists have established a students' settlement in Whitechapel. A fine building has been acquired, and the work is to be many-sided.

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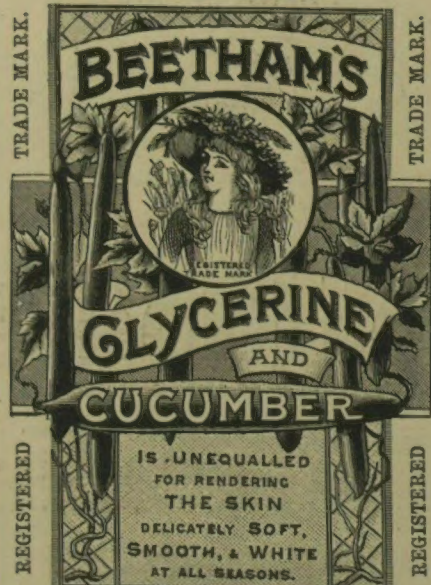
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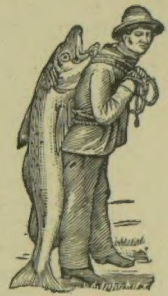
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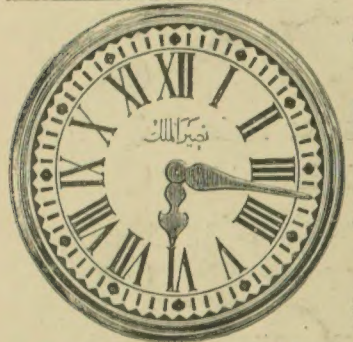
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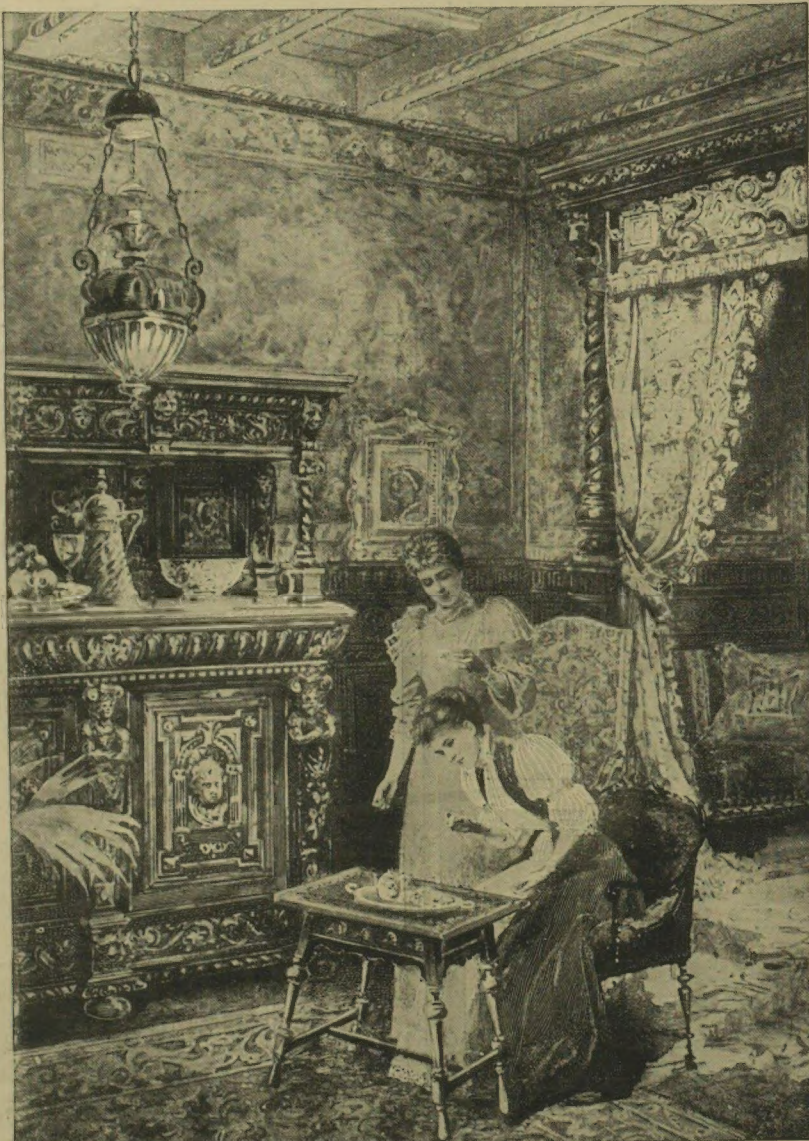
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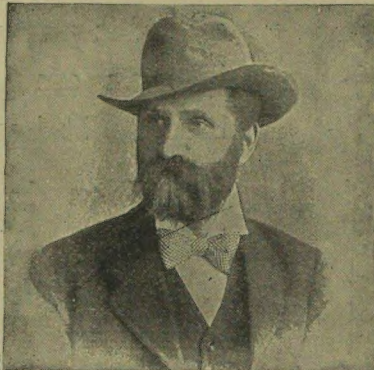
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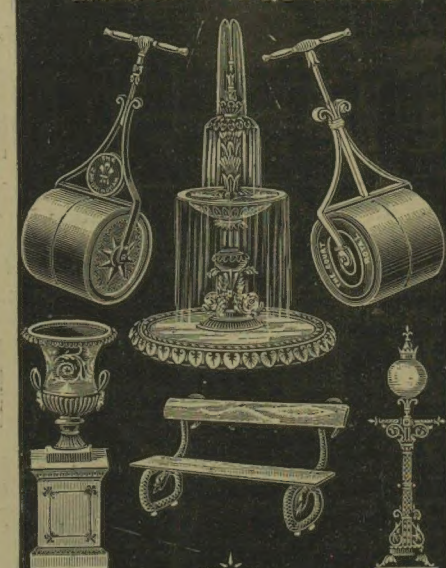
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